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# THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

BY PHILLIP MOFFITT

## THE POWER OF ONE WOMAN

Ella Lee draws her strength and dignity from the southern Appalachians

IN MY heart, the Christmas season will always belong to a long-deceased southern Appalachian mountain woman whose name was Ella Lee.

She was one of a special breed of women who once inhabited the hills and valleys of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina.

How can one describe to an outsider the beauty, the spyness, the mystery of these women?

They were the daughters of dirt farmers, laborers, and coal miners whose great-grandfathers had come to America's shores poor and uneducated and had looked west in search of economic opportunity but never made it past the Appalachians.

Brought born in these mountainous and growing-up poor in these little communities meant embracing a particular way of life—a life of doing for yourself, caring for your own, and seeking identity. The Appalachian women, as Ella Lee used to tell me, "took their strength from the mountains and from living day to day." It was a way of life that created women with tough, worn bodies, faded, freckled faces, and hearts that had learned the danger in expecting so much from the world.

The specter of defeat, the limitation of "not having anything decent," of not being able to provide properly for the children, even the hardest crisis these Appalachian women had to bear. It was not just their own failed hopes with which they had to contend, but also the lines and defeat of both their own fathers and the men they'd married. Those proud, solitary mountain men harbored a deep love of the frustration of knowing they had no power in life and nowhere to go. That sort of rage finds expression in easily injured pride, and its components are physical violence and emotional brutality. The Appalachian women, as described by writers often attributed the blow, the hard words, the silent silences of that rage and had to live their lives weighed by an unrelenting tension.

It is no wonder that these women



turned inward, considering the mysteries in terms of the proofs of the mountain weather, the wild flowers and trees of the woods, and the tales they told their children of heroes and villains and ghosts and miracles. They prepared their children not to momentary great heights, but to endure and to suffer for the fact that God had given them.

In the 1930s and 1940s the outside world started to touch the Appalachians. The government built decent roads and drained the rivers, and industry began to move in. Suddenly the area had new prospects, the women a better standard of living. The level of education rose drastically, and the isolation of these communities gradually ended. As their communities joined the mainstream of America, the Appalachian women started to disappear. Today, as the mountain towns, one will occasionally come across a woman who stands out from the crowd and alone command your attention by her confidence, that strength that characterized the southern Appalachian women and defined Ella Lee.

Ella Lee was special even among this special breed. She was born in Damascus,

Virginia, in 1895, to the Dickerson family, whose ancestry was probably a mixture of European blood and maybe a little American Indian. Looking for better work anywhere, the family moved to Tennessee. At age fourteen Ella Lee married a struggling young man, a shoemaker's son named Della Wesley Mohr; who had nothing but a strong back to recommend him. Both Ella Lee and Della had had only about a second grade education. There was a hard marriage and a hard life. Della got a job working for the Carrolls, Churchills, and the Rainses, living here in the low extended farm Tennessee to the Carolina. For the first three years of their marriage, Ella and Della lived in the confines of a single-roomed house. As the money would extend another mile, a little engine called a flinty coal pulled

some of the men around the work crew. It was a wild life, a life of backbreaking work, unending business, and unending worry. Ella was as popular as the weekly payee. Della learned to set concrete blocks, lay brick, maintain fences with his naked eyes, and having acquired these skills, he was finally able to write down, in the 1930s, to work at a cement factory. Ella bore four children, had two or three marriages, and endured Della was strong, hard, quick-tempered, and downhearted, but Ella was a fighter and held her own—she once landed her own son with a iron skillet. There was a sense of similar similarities but of a single will, with each standing silently behind a barrier of watchful strength.

Living earliest memories of her, Ella Lee stands about five foot five, with brown eyes and black hair. By that time she was in her thirties. She was small-boned, weighing no more than about a hundred pounds, and always seemed somewhat fragile, but never timid or back. In long years of memory she seems less a physical presence than an emotional one—a presence not visible to others, like the wind in those mountain valleys, rustling and howling

**HER STORIES WERE REAL STORIES, WITHOUT ROSE COLORING; ADULT STORIES OF HUMAN WEAKNESS, OF BETRAYAL, OF DOMINATION—STORIES WITHOUT HEROES AND HAPPY ENDINGS, BUT ALSO WITHOUT SELF-PITY OR DEFEAT. LIFE AS IT IS.**

but never wanting to live a place of origin.

She did not believe in a typical good mother. There were no laurels or praise for my abilities or interest in my accomplishments, nor would I have thought to tell her my problems or seek her advice. Yet she was the most important person for me in those formative years, and the person with whom I spent the most time. In retrospect, I could describe her as having somehow been assigned to that little boy, to give him a kind of comfort, to train his mind and shape his dreams. But that description does not capture the actual experience of being a five-year-old, long hot hours on end, unmercifully a tall pine tree as an old home-made quilt and listening to her soft, slightly raspy voice trace the contours of the mountains of the Rockies in the Colorado Rockies. It does not capture being eight years old and eating golden crackers with peanut butter while sitting at an old, chipped little table and listening to tales of mountain peaks and of vanished love. Not that it's a crime, the way of coming power of being one or two years old and being told the full story of one's own father as only a mother could know it, and the story of one's father's father as only a wife could tell it. They were real stories, without roses. And they did, just as the old ones. What at first seems most astonishing, however, although I accept it without question at the time, is that she could describe places she had never seen—she had never been to a Colorado beach, yet she knew about them, about their essence. I would go to those places years later and they would be as she'd said. She would tell me about living in a big city, how politics worked. And I now know her right she was. That woman who could borrow red or white who could never escape her long-suffering role in life, who never traveled more than a hundred miles from where she grew up, could project the experience of her limited life onto the world as a whole. She let me have a way of imagination that most people cannot.

At twelve I became much too involved in raising around with a crowd of older teenagers in the neighborhood and with chasing after girls to have time for our relationship. Moreover, there were young girls who were neither mine, and age and adulthood were changing her drastically. So our intense time together ended. I entered my teenage years, a non-child whose confusion of understanding and maturity caused an increasing wariness from my parents—a lot I had as well I could. Alas, I searched for those who saw the world as I did, and almost never could I find

the same rage? How can the boy's view of his parents not be inevitably altered when each week he hears more of their story as he is forced to see them in the context of their struggle for happiness? How can he not be affected by learning that his school principal had suffered a broken heart as a young woman and never recovered?

I was a quiet but intensely independent child who would rarely brook in at adult authority. Rita Lee never acted as that authority, choosing instead to be an onlooker without judgment. When I began smoking at age nine, she would buy me a pack of cigarettes each week. It is a wonder that I stopped smoking at sixteen? When I needed simply to go somewhere, there was always a place in her house, and she would let me be, never making excuses. I needed to go to her house to be at her house while usually working the town. She gave her silent cooperation. She simply assured that I was responsible for myself, and in so doing she helped me become so.

She had an extraordinary talent for seeing the true character of a person or place. I vividly recall our discussing my younger brothers and sister when they were still toddlers, and she told me the specific parents they would develop into. And they did, just as she'd said. What at first seems most astonishing, however, although I accept it without question at the time, is that she could describe places she had never seen—she had never been to a Colorado beach, yet she knew about them, about their essence. I would go to those places years later and they would be as she'd said. She would tell me about living in a big city, how politics worked. And I now know her right she was. That woman who could borrow red or white who could never escape her long-suffering role in life, who never traveled more than a hundred miles from where she grew up, could project the experience of her limited life onto the world as a whole. She let me have a way of imagination that most people cannot.

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them. Teenagers, filled with their excessive idealism, are driven to explore the world outside themselves. Rita Lee, with her stories and dispassionate observations, had turned me too much inside myself to be an enthusiastic explorer of the world around me.

It has been twenty-five years since the days of our talks, and she has been dead fifteen of them. Over the years I have come to realize how deep and mysterious her knowledge was, and what a price she paid to acquire it day by day in those long hours of quiet reflection. I know now that I surely had the good fortune to be there at a certain time in her life, when she was past her personal struggle but not her vigorous vitality. She still had the energy to capture the reality and the dream of life. But she had no need to find what she told me to satisfy her own emotional needs.

The little boy who listened to her gained an advantage. He learned to use through her eyes without having to pay the price she had paid in tears. Although it took him years to realize that he needed her with the power of possibility to escape his own rage and to overcome his own fear of failure.

But Rita Lee never found out how to use her talents to overcome the ache in her own heart. Probably it was as much from pain that she developed her abilities, and they came to freedom to late in her life to help her rise above her own circumstances. I do not know. Nor do I presume to judge this remarkable woman.

On a wet and cold, and very lonely Christmas Eve some twenty years ago I realized how much my father was to Rita Lee's. I realized that despite my outward drive for success and worldly accomplishment, I was one of those folks and victims, like him, could be filled with the sweet sadness of observing life from the isolation of the dark mountains.

On New Year's Day that year, 1968, my conviction was that I would never see my parents in the world and yet, low and lying, I was the child of life's disappointments. Believing that one can choose whether to be flooded by the sorrow or the joy of human existence, I tried to escape those mountain shadows, to rise that step Rita Lee could not take herself. Unfortunately, it is not so easy to leave behind that which is carried in the heart, and each Christmas Eve since then, in my annual hour of reflection, I discover how much further I still must journey. But I do not give up, for I know that I will try once more in the name of Rita Lee.

PHILIP MCKEY is the author in chief and president of Esquire.

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# Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

## SMART MONEY Playing the Horses



ILLUSTRATION: AMOS J. WATTS

**W**hether at Saratoga or Santa Anita, Belmont or Churchill Downs, all the horses pound toward the finish line, hearts leap to throats. Imagine how thrilling it would be to own one of these sleek dynamos of beauty and strength. Impossible, you say? Well, it's not for big bucks, but ownership of a fine Thoroughbred is not out of reach.

Although blooded and bred, show horses also offer investment potential, the top action is found with the no-nonsense Thoroughbreds, a carefully controlled breed of racehorses that can trace its lineage back to one of three stallions—an Arabian, a Turk, and a Barb—brought to England in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. And despite escalating costs—the average auction price for Thoroughbred yearlings rose 25 percent from 1982 to 1985, from \$32,991 to \$41,354—even those of us of more mod-

est means can afford a piece of a potential winner. There's only one hitch: owning a share of the risk.

But what if a winning ticket is a horse syndicate: a partnership or group ownership, structured usually to minimize a investor's commitment. The idea of splitting an interest in one or more horses is not new, but the real surge in syndicates has occurred in the last few years. When a top-of-the-line broodmare can bring \$3.25 million, and a Northern Dancer yearling \$10.2 million, there are few individuals or even breeding farms that want to assume the entire risk.

Basically, there are three types of Thoroughbred syndicate: stallion, broodmare, and racing. Stallion syndicates are usually formed after a colt has completed a successful racing career, going for cash as a stud. The cash is in the value, owners share syndicate the horse. Most shareholders invest in order to gain access to

the annual right to breed their mares with the specific stallion or stallions. Although SEC regulations discourage it, non-breeders can sometimes buy in. The allure is the possibility of selling the "nonbreeder" in the right place called to a third party. This income, plus the possibility that the share's value will rise if the stallion's offspring run or sell well, is a draw to breeders too.

But the risks are high. "Fertility can be a problem in stallions," warns breeder Jim Glas, of Rhine Valley Farm in New York. There is also no guarantee you will be able to sell your nonbreeder in any given year, or that the share value will appreciate. Moreover, an outside investor wants something that will spread the risk over a number of horses. A broodmare syndicate, for example.

In this case, a partnership owns one or more fillies who, having made a name for themselves, are being offered to breed. The object is to match the mares to good stallions, then sell their foals, usually as yearlings, for a nice price. If the mares offspring do well, the mares will increase in value.

"Those with high-quality mares costing a half million and up are still good investments," says Peggy Vanderwort, a prestigious bloodstock agent. But most people buy into syndicates where a \$250,000 mare is considered dear. Undoubtedly, the market is flooded with the offspring of such mares, so they're getting hard to sell. "You can now buy horses more cheaply than you can raise them," says Vanderwort, who believes racing syndicates is an investment because, as a typical racing syndicate will invest in two (ideally more) good horses. Vanderwort likes a man of a very well bred filly who, even if she does not

perform as expected, will have a modest value for breeding, and a colt who is well enough bred that if he enters it at the races, he'll be valuable as a stallion. The first possibility of profit comes from pure winnings. And when the horses can no longer race, the syndicate may sell, syndicate, or breed them—or any combination of the three.

For some investors, the greatest attraction of a racing syndicate is the lesser action and the exotic to the glamorous side of the race world. Among the photos in her office walls, Vanderwort has one of a pastoreoer winning a \$25,000 race one of her first times out of the box. "Well, those investors thought they'd shed not go to heaven," she says.

Like many top ground partners, Vanderwort encourages her investors to become involved, from helping to choose racing odds and giving the horses extra stable room to watching early-morning workouts. She also obtains owner's licenses for her investors, which permit them parking stickers and the right to enter the racetrack, like fans through the special owners' gate.

## HORSE SENSE

Not to lose track of little facts, many syndicates, like other horse investments, also offer tax advantages when properly structured. Unless the IRS decides that a particular deal was not set up with profits in mind, horses can be depreciated against regular income: over a three-year period for racehorses of two years or older and for all horses over age twelve, over five years for all other horses.

Investors in a stallion syndicate are usually considered co-owners rather than partners and may only deduct their share of the syndicate's ex-

## Man At His Best

person in the pair incurred. As partnerships, breeders and racing syndicates offer the possibility of bigger winnings.

When a horse bought for breeding or racing purposes is held for at least twenty-four months, any profit is taxed only as a long-term capital gain after "recapture" at the disposition.

Vanderweert considers the low end per unit for quality Thoroughbred racing syndicates to be a \$50,000 cash investment (often with staggered payments) plus a promissory note for another \$15,000 to be assigned to a bank or other lender for loans to be made to the partnership (which would be called on only in a worst case). Quality breeders syndicates start in the same range.

For investors in a 40- to 50-percent tax bracket, a properly structured racing partnership with good horses offers little risk through a combination of depreciation and expenses, the gross net loss attributed to each investor can exceed the cash contribution by more than two to one. And the possible payoff? Vanderweert is usually conservative, but she admits that if you do make a profit, a return of \$30,000, \$40,000, or much more, from a continuing base of passive investors and the eventual sale of syndication of the horses, is possible.

Before you jump into riding boots and gallop off in search of syndicates, take heed. As Jim Gille cautions, "Even when you know what you are doing, it's a horse race."

First, catastrophes strike even the finest horses. A sudden shattered leg on the racetrack has sudden death, such as that of Landaluce in 1982 and Swale this past spring.

Racing investments are seldom liquid. Hard all agreements carefully to see when and how you can dispose of your shares. Even with practicing dealers, you may get no income for the first couple of years, and it may be impossible to realize your full profits if the partnership is dissolved.

For the neophyte, finding a reliable general partner and evaluating potential partner-

ships are probably the greatest obstacles. Word of mouth is still the best source, particularly if you have friends in the horse world. The SEC regulations that exempt most partnerships from registering as a security also restrict general partners from advertising a specific partnership. Luckily, the partners may say only that they are in the partnership business. Look for these ads in magazines like *The Blood-Horse* or in the annual *United Horseman of Thoroughbred Country*.

As for the deal itself, there are so many different setups that it is hard to offer firm guidelines. But here are a few Vanderweert cautions:

- Before you make a check, show the prospectus to an attorney or investment counselor who knows horse investments.

- Reputable syndicates note their money generally when their investors do—not by charging hefty management fees up front or by drastically marking up the price of a horse.

- While the general partner of a racing syndicate casually receives a 4- to 5-percent interest, possibly rising to 30 percent after the limited partners (you) get their investment back, be suspicious of an individual receiving 10 percent.

- Management fees and other expenses may be included as part of the initial investment or billed periodically. In either case, \$1,000 to \$1,500 per month for managing several horses is adequate, more than \$3,000 and you should worry.

- The price the partnership is paying for a horse should be the first factor considered. Details on the size and date, including the sire's stud fee (generally a quarter to a third of what his getting will bring at auction) and how horses by the same sire and out of the same female family have done at auction, should be included as a prospectus or be readily available.

- Most important are the experience and credentials of the general partner. He should be educated and impeccable, but in the end the bottom line in any horse investment is trust—and a little bit of luck.

—Peter D. Lawrence

## CLASSICS

### The Evening Pump



**Y**ou might well ask what it is about formal dress pumps that tempt women to wear them, while most others wouldn't dream of it. The answer is that pumps—elegant slippers though they may be—are a little out of style with the modern black tie affair. They are the oldest part of it, to begin with. They date back to the sixteenth century, whereas every other component of formal attire—jacket, trousers, shirt, bow tie, and waistcoat—comes from the nineteenth century. Pumps entered in an earlier aesthetic environment, one in which men had no accessories whatsoever, down on their backs. And something else: pumps were designed to be worn out with trousers, which didn't even exist at the time, but with knee breeches and silk stockings.

Very much an indoor shoe—light, delicate, and supple—pumps were good for dancing, acrobatics, and dueling. The origin of the name is less obvious, though there is some thought that it comes from pump, because of the shoe's constant elegance. Pumps often served as court shoes; in fact, courts in earlier times like them. Napoleon adopted pumps intended with courtiers as part of his court costume, and Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, wore them with

bows. Both men, of course, wore knee breeches too.

While ankle shoes and trousers appeared in the nineteenth century, pumps remained popular for formal wear throughout the time of the First World War. Since then, however, with stockings well established, pumps began to look a bit precarious and less, at least to a majority of men. Their popularity waned a bit during the decade-ended Twenties, but the most stylish dancer of the era, the Fred Astaire, never wore them in his films. In one of his movies, though, Gage Rogers did, which brings us back once again to the shoe's good position. It's basically a matter of perspective. While, as we all know, changes all the time and not always in the most rational way. In the late eighteenth century, for instance, the shoe was so different, low, so to speak. Back then, some makers designed newfangled shoes to be "unmanly," while they looked like, bows, moccasins, and even porcupine shoes.

Today those who wear dress pumps are primarily the self-assured and those with a taste for tradition. Look for the man who wears a charcoal suit, be it the one most likely to be wearing pumps as well. As for men who turn up their noses at pumps because of the fashions, it should be pointed out that these men wear the very



## MOISTURIZING AFTER SHAVE

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Any number of those two-strokeers make pumps today, but most, I think, make the bow too small. Church's, with its large, squared-off bow, is

representative of the best. Their patent leather pump with grosgrain bow sells for \$170. Brooks Brothers has pumps in a dull black calfskin, but with a small bow, for \$125.

—John Heywood

## A photograph of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a person stands on a snow-covered slope. Behind them is a rustic wooden cabin with a chimney. The background features a dense forest of evergreen trees and a snow-capped mountain peak under a blue sky with scattered clouds.

*Long Monkeys in Krasovskii's "In the Land of the Living and the Dead"*

**I**n the last old days of cross-country sleep, barely five years ago, a man who wanted a good workout had to rise for a day's run with a shabby running shoe or a downhill ascent that marked off a few kilometers of trails for the outdoors on slummy sites. That's still the case in many places, but not in the Rockies.

number of small, choice apartments now lease the cross-country skier like lord of the manor. What they offer are lovingly groomed trails, comfortable (if not always luxurious) lodgings, rental equipment, guides, instruction, and such luxurious amenities that you'll need only extra clothes—burning underwear to keep you warm.

Only in its fifth full winter and built from scratch, the Home Ranch already fits into the cowboy country of northern Colorado like a pair of worn-in

**DUSTERBACH RANCH  
KETCHUM, IDAHO**  
When the snows came to cen-  
tral Idaho, Dusterbach Ranch  
switches from a busy, dusty,  
1,500-head cattle ranch to a

quiet and remote XC arena. Bill and Jeanne Lewis, a young couple who grow their rita in the Solonara summer, ran a 10-day operation on 2,300 acres of ranchland bordering the Southwest National Recreation Area. Some thirty-five kilometers of groomed trails loop through snowy stands of lodgepole pine and Douglas fir. Two steep ridges, Lunge and West, are dotted with red, white, and yellow snow, and a narrow road winds for riders to use as a loop track, a warming-up run. Their back country, back up to San Valley Trucking of Northridge and back on overnight treks into the Southwest, skiing becomes less a vacation than

The sleeping accommodations tend toward the rustic: a main lodge with a bunk room that holds eight, and two private rooms for two, plus three

chairs that sleep up to four each. At day's end you can unwind in a wood-baked mudroom sauna. At dinner all sit down leisurely-style in such slow-sticking Idaho fare as leg of lamb and sheepherder's potatoes. It's an hour's drive over Galena Pass to Ketchikan and Sun Valley, and the locked-back cowboy town of Stanley is only twenty miles away. Steers pay \$25 a night, a rate that includes all meals, or up to \$75 to choose a private room. Contact Rattlesnake Ranch, Star Route 6, Ketchikan, Idaho 99940.

Perhaps the crime de la masse of XL opportunists Lone Mountain Ranch, a half hour up the road from Bidwell-Bone National Park in northeastern Missouri. Lone Mountain, named for the peak that towers above the nearby Big Sky downhill area, couldn't look more inviting: sometimes jagged black log cabins under deep loaves of brush powder and turn-of-the-century porch posts in the

meadows. Six director Debbie Frouin supervises about seven-five kilometers of trails that climb and fall through the Madison and Gallatin ranges. There are double sets of tracks throughout the system, with

no breakers or trees waiting at  
 ambush around blind corners.  
 An interlocking network of  
 trails provides enough variety  
 for a week's fresh slings.

Chief Neil Norstrom, who loves to sit and backpack, or he'll be frolicking closer to civilization, specializes in annual hunts but turns out furbearer traps for muskrats and mink on the main canyons at intervals at least once a week. On Thursday his staff stages a gourmet trail buffet in a scenic clearing. Evenings at the lodge there may be a talk on grizzlies or a demonstration by the house mountain man, Fred Davidson, on the life and times of John Bridger and Jim Gaulties, who trod these parts in pre-GE days. A week in Late Mountain costs \$480 per person for a double room. Contact Late Mountain Ranch, P.O. Box 140, Elsie, Montana 59736.

**YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING**  
Though the food and lodging are marginal, Yellowstone National Park on stormy days should not be missed. The park stays open for skiers from mid-December to mid-March, and the way into this frigid, bubbling wonderland is by non-passenger snow coach from West Yellowstone or two other gates. Overnighters tend to congregate at the Upper Geyser area near Old Faithful where the addresses, Snow

Perhaps the crime de la masse of XL opportunists Lone Mountain Ranch, a half hour up the road from Bidwell-Bone National Park in northeastern Missouri. Lone Mountain, named for the peak that towers above the nearby Big Sky downhill area, couldn't look more inviting: sometimes jagged black log cabins under deep loaves of brush powder and turn-of-the-century porch posts in the

meadows. Six director Debbie Frouin supervises about seven-five kilometers of trails that climb and fall through the Madison and Gallatin ranges. There are double sets of tracks throughout the system, with

**OLD FITZGERALD SNOW LODGE**  
**YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING**  
Though the food and lodging are marginal, Yellowstone National Park on stormy days should not be missed. The park stays open for skiers from mid-December to mid-March, and the way into this frigid, babbling wonderland is by non-passenger snow coach from West Yellowstone or two other gates. Overnighters tend to congregate at the Upper Geyser area near Old Faithful where the address is, Snow

There are also shops and restaurants at a six stop-aside-the-lodge. Most western, the XC staff benefits one hundred miles of trails, so you can also a different course every day for a week. Those who plan to back into the park and camp overnight must file their schedules with the park managers. In the Upper Geyser area the terrain is mercifully flat. At times you are alone with the forested mountains, bubbling geysers, and

thugs, shaggy, slow-moving buffaloes, which are to be given wide berth nonetheless. Nightly rains at the Snow Lodge are about 80°. Contact TW Services, Yellowstone National Park, Yellowstone 82190.

milk co

**THE G**

*From the ballads of Doris Day to Rock 'n' Roll—performed by 1950's **hard-to-find** new archives of the company of r*

**THE DECADE OF T**  
est in all of Am  
brought to the

And now, the girls  
the best I use of our  
in one definite  
Greatest Recording  
finest performance  
the artists of our  
selected especially  
period of years who  
great. Fats Page  
long. Frankie Lee  
theory. Roger Miller

And there are a  
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Crosby and Goble  
the only recent  
table Louis Armstrong  
Knox' And here is  
 rendition of "I'll Be  
All the most man  
fulsome time—

Strict standards maintained through these records—to the quality of each employee. The records, which will be placed in a "clearance" cabinet

Now it's all recaptured in

From the ballads of Bing Crosby and Doris Day to the birth of Rock 'n' Roll—over 300 great songs performed by leading stars of the 1950's, including *out-of-print* and *hard-to-find* recordings from the archives of the leading record companies of the time.

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And now, the greatest of all the music of the best time of our lives has been captured in one definitive record collection: *The Greatest Recordings of the 1950s*. All the finest performances of those years—from the architects of every major record label—selected especially for this collection by a panel of stars who helped make the fifties great: Tuli Faye, Johnny Mathis, Elton John, Frankie Laine, Connie Francis, Ray Charles, Sonny and Cher, and Les Paul.

Here are the best wordsmiths singing the great songs: Tony Bennett with "Rags to Riches"; Jay McInerney with "You Telling Me I'm Not"; Cole cooing "Misses You, Little Ladies with"; Dr. Myrta: "Here are the duets: Phil and Margie; the Mills: Reardon, Les Paul and Mary Ford; the Weinsteins: Bill Haley and the Comets. Here are the great bands and orchestras: Count Basie, Harry James, Ray Charles, Gordon Jenkins and Mink Limer. And there are the songs that inspired the great writers: "The Great Escape" by the Jay McInerney and "The Great Escape" by the Jay McInerney and "The Great Escape" by the Jay McInerney.

Strict standards of quality control will be maintained throughout the production of these records—to make certain the full quality of each original recording is retained. The records, which are thicker and heavier, will be pressed in an atmosphere-controlled "clean room" where careful attention is paid to pressing and inspection. And a special anti-static vinyl compound will be used.



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which masks the accumulation of dust in the sensitive record grooves. The result is a collection of proof quality records that actually sound worse than the originals!

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## Man At His Best

ones have a little give. What was three pounds of meat to start is now about a pound and a quarter of jerky. I don't eat it yet, though. I put it in the refrigerator, in an open bowl or container, for at least a day. This helps it develop a richer flavor and a good practice in self control.

I used to hope to tell you what happened in the jerky. It brought out to the light that day, I have picked up a piece, but all about a third of it, and cleaned. I know from experience

once what was happening. The same in his mouth were liberating the salt from the interstices of the meat to mix with the dried residue of fatty acids, and the meat itself was shrinking into a compact web of almost perfect resistance for chewing. I watched him chew for a while, then he let down to spit a morsel at my side, and when I sat back up the best jerky was gone.

Didn't you bring more of this stuff?" he demanded.

—Jerry Adler

## THE DRINKING MAN Resolute in Spirit



**I**t is my understanding that New Year's resolutions ought to serve as guidelines to make us better in living, which to me means behaving more often with both uniqueness and conscience. Over the past year I've witnessed the transformations of drinkers, lapses of style or good sense, my own and those of others. With those in mind, here are some resolutions for the drinking man, aimed at strengthening out some common malbehaviors. You can pick for yourself those that personally apply. Resolved.

● I will not drink in excess on a regular basis. There is a dirty old, lusty notion that says, "Never wake up with the same wretched sore mornings in a case. That is the road to true, wise, and enjoyable living." The same might be said, considerably less unambiguously, about a hangover.

● I will not make any important decisions, nor will I draw conclusions about an individual's character (especially of the opposite sex), after three drinks.

● I do, I will not succumb to them.

● I will not order any drink whose name I am embarrassed to pronounce in other words, I will order no "fat" drinks like "blue screen," beer's knees.

● I will not be self-conscious about ordering and savor with food or while savor with food. Conventional wisdom says that the hostess of red wine is too conspicuous for the delicate flavor of most fish dishes and that white wine isn't strong enough to hold its own with meat. Frankly, I think that is advice for the effeminate, powerful diets that insist on an adhere to as if we'd made up our own minds, it's like using the straight party diet, it's like

that the finer wines deserve all the advantages you can give them. If you're savvy enough to choose a vintage, you'd be silly to undermine the particular qualities you savor by combining them with a carefully selected meat. But if you are a housewife, sort, the rules tend to disappear. You like what you eat? Eat like a boss! Enjoy it! It's kosher. It isn't sick and most after all.

● In the same vein, I will not be a beer drinker. To someone who doesn't share your interest, a piece of the new literature is about as thrilling to a lecture as food additives. If you are with someone who does share your enthusiasm, remember that wine talk is never again conversation, it is two loaves delivered monologues at each other.

● I will go out of my way to impress myself when a barman is as expending his range of items.

● I will not wear more than a splash of color or wear with any single motif. This is simple respect for quality. You don't stretch a bit more by changing it up and mixing a work hard enough for next last. And here is a corollary: I will not drink Cognac from Flak-stains or island plumage.

● If I have drinking equals I will not go out at night in the same manner as if my duty to get shaking drunk. This is the Order for the Voluntary resolution.

● I will not drink out of memory. The oldest drinking story of all concerns the wined fellow at the bar who is asked by a coo person, "Why do you drink?" "I drink to forget," the drunk says.

"Well," has heard says, "what are you trying to forget?"

"I don't know anymore," the drunk says. "I wonder."

Someone once said to me, wisely, that there are two major sins, forgetting time past and waking over time ahead. In order to list out thought is a way of committing both sins at once.

● I will not say to a bartender any of the following things:

"How do you remember how to make all these drinks?"

"Club soda with lime, please. I'm really a heavy drinker."

"Set me on fire."

"Have you got a list of people telling you their problems?"

Drinking, in the universal scheme, is a small matter, of course. But it occurs to me that in the style with which we pursue the abuse of our lives that is, our habits, we reveal our larger selves. To pass phrase Descartes had to become from Moby Dick, resolutions are both serious and light-hearted things, after all. "I drink, therefore I am."

Prude is such a long. Happy New Year. —Bruce Weber

## BIBLIOPHILIA Pop-up Ser

**I**n September 1983 Jonathan Miller and David Pridemore brought us *The Human Body*, the widely acclaimed pop-up atlas of human anatomy. This year, acting on the conviction that the ever-expanding process of reproduction deserves a book of its own, they're setting us down for a striking sequel, *The Facts of Life*. Contrasting the newly realized pop-up green, the book guides us from conception through the wonders of birth. Its sex double-page spreads illustrate, in three col-

orful dimensions, the male and female reproductive organs, the growth of the fetus within the uterus, and finally—believe it or not—the actual process of birth. The *Facts of Life* whose accompanying and double-page spreads are both serious and light-hearted things, after all. "I drink, therefore I am."



## The Straightaway.



## The S's.



## The Hairpin.



## The Loop.

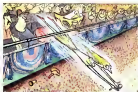
The 1985 Honda Accord Hatchback has a powerful 12-valve engine to speed you down the Straightaway at the Daytona Speedway. It has front-wheel drive to pull you through the Hairpin at Sears Point Raceway. A special sport suspension that can strengthen out the S's at Lime Rock Park. And a long list of standard features to take you in comfort through The Loop in Chicago.

**HONDA**

The Accord Hatchback

## Man At His Best

### GOOD FORM Take Her Out to a Ball Game



**Y**ou've met each other's friends, spent a weekend together in the country, and started talking about a spring vacation in Peru. You've negotiated peace terms concerning Japanese food, pineapple diets, and Jane Fonda. You're now ready for the next big step in your relationship—taking her to a sporting event.

Short of making her parents, introducing the special women in her life to his friends, going to a sporting event may be the most traumatic challenge a man must face. The key word, of course, is *spectator*—these days a woman is every bit as ready as a man to join participants. But it's still easier to find a woman who's tried and true (nearly died) with the Cubs since she was seven years old, or who has seen every TV movie of a woman Super Bowl game, or who believes a college hoop tournament is the best possible way to spend the Christmas holidays.

If you're the sort of person in whose psyche a deep and unquenching love of a particular sport took firm root almost before consciousness dawned, there are a number of basic guidelines to follow in introducing it to a person who is, after all, a relative newcomer to your life.

- **Encourage your visitors.** Are you really looking for a woman to go to games with? What if she doesn't like it? Men are important, what if she does? Are you ready to share this particular piece of your inner life? Is this a test? If so, so is a final exam. If your answer to the last question isn't "no," then maybe you should reconsider and go to the movies.
- **Don't stack the deck.** Pick an "average" game as a match of a heterosexual man to the sport. If she wants to leave at half time just because it's 10-0 against Pittsburgh and she's not keen on making love to learn the difference between a five-finger and a six-finger, your relationship will suffer. Perhaps if it's a play-off game, you're already behind in two-point underdogs, and you've lost a battle it even gets to show you have built. You've already got all the pressure you can handle. Take someone else to the big game until you establish that the gamut really fits the sport.
- **Don't cover all the bases.** Cover! Resist the natural temptation to show off how much you know about the finer points of the game. You'll certainly seem passionate, and she's not likely to be unimpressed. Stick to answering questions when asked. And if you must offer a little color

commentary, do it sotto voce—there's nothing more boring than a sports bore.

- **Be flexible.** What if your first baseball game had been between two teams who focused the same defense and the line corners offense? Even though the very idea is foreign to your soul, be prepared to leave early if it's clear that your companion is bored to tears. Of this you can be certain: a seven-inning pitcher's diet can kill a romance quicker than infidelity. Cut your losses and go home when she begins to nod off.
- **Go first class.** Your idea of heaven may be a few hot dogs, a glass of cold beer, and a bleacher seat among "fans who really know the score." (Remember, they'll tell you any thing.) But, for light entertainment, a proper lunch or dinner at a smart restaurant before the event and the best seats you can get your hands on are important. Always give it your best shot.
- **Leave the competition to the competition.** If it turns out to be less knowledge of the sport is better than that, you experienced, don't take it as a threat to your

manhood. Relax. Most of all do not feel obligated to prove you know even more.

- **Remember first principles.** Your purpose went together will give you the opportunity to explain what it is about the sport that really appeals to you. After all, your goal should be to have her understand your heartless passion, even if she's not destined to share it. This is an opportunity for win-win cooperation, and you may be surprised what you learn about yourself if it is the brilliant strategy and left-field thinking that attract you to hockey. Or is it sheer violence? Either is okay, but you should know for sure, and trying to explain it to her may help you learn.
- **Be a good sport.** Do the best you can to provide for the possibility that, no matter how astrophysically you've prepared it, the woman's sport doesn't really come to the sport that has provoked you since you were Einstein's age. She may even flat-out hate it. If that happens, there's nothing you can do but shrug and take it like a man. Be patient. Be cool. After all, there are millions of other women.

—Glen Wagoner

## GOOD THINKING What a Card

**W**hat do you say when your friend Murray has just written and asked a three-page screenplay deal with Warner Bros? A simple "congrats" and a bottle of Dom Perignon just won't do. Now, thanks to the efforts of David Redfear and his book, there's a new line of Special Moments greeting cards, including one for this truly important occasion. "Congratulations on Your Screenplay Deal"—the card says on the front, and then it opens to a line: "congrats."

I heard the news at a Timesweek snack about your book, multi-page deal. So let's have lunch sometime next week. We'll schmooze and schmooze and schmooze and schmooze. You're beautiful. Love, Ed.

Redfear and Redfear have collected their greeting card junkies into a book, which is now available from Ballantine for \$9.95. Special Moments offers twenty-four cards, all designed to reflect the experience of your day. "I'm Sorry About the Moon" is a gem. "I'm Sorry About the Moon" is a gem. "I'm Sorry About the Moon" is a gem.

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. It's not that we can do something very well, we simply don't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT but we can also make sure that the information you seek is to knowledge. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly and it will be done right.

**50 States Only**  
And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that are identical to Japan and Australia, to name but two, we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.



## In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector (You can get the same one for considerably less)

**E**ven we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1976 and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Alongside say the ESCORT has maintained a reputation—among its owners and also in several automotive magazines.

### Checkmate

Over the past five years, Car and Driver magazine has performed radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. The most recent test concluded: "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance... We think that's a credit to its manufacturer."

### Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. It's not that we can do something very well, we simply don't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT but we can also make sure that the information you seek is to knowledge. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly and it will be done right.

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**Dear Sir:**  
So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advance notice of a Japanese national magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT and the price was \$150,000. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Alongside say the rate of exchange in American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "The real thing is here!" and warned against imitations.



This package will arrive at your door.

### Scan 101

Nobody said to say we were expensive. We know that ESCORT had an expensive reputation. But we never expected to see it "scooped" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong demand for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that demand. And apparently that just what happened.

### Easy Access

Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: \$245. Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

### By ESCORT as usual

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You choose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor. ESCORT 3245 (One year \$10.45 to \$10.45).

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### AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

## WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, DICK AND JANE?

*They taught generations how to read, now they are out of print*

THERE ARE dozens of theories about why children today don't read with the same fervor as earlier generations of children. Television gets the blame, and family structure gets the blame, and a lack of discipline throughout society gets the blame.

There's another possibility, though. When you look at the way we learned to read in the Thirties, Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, and you compare it with the way children are learning to read today, one glaring difference makes itself evident.

The Dick and Jane books have gone out of print.

THE DICK AND Jane books were published by Scott, Foresman and Company; they were a series of pre-printed and printed, used in the lower grades of elementary schools. For children upon children—as the first words we ever read by ourselves were contained in the Dick and Jane books.

The scene repeated itself in classrooms all over America. The first-grade teacher

would call us to the front of the room, where she had gathered a semicircle of chairs around a huge stack-up version of the first preprinted, *We Look and See*. She would open the book, then, beneath a brightly colored picture, was the first word we were to be taught: "Look."

There were only seventeen words in the version of *We Look and See* that was used in schools in the Fifties. "Look," "oh," "Jane," "see," "Dick," "happy," "Sally," "put," "jump," "run," "spot," "come," "ten," "up," and "down." Those seventeen words, though, were enough to start us on a lifetime of reading pleasure.

Even back then, every time we would read a new story in *We Look and See* and a brand-new word would be introduced, it would feel like a minor electrical jolt. We had never seen the word "jump" before, we turned a page, and it appeared on line, and by the end of the day it would be a part of our reading vocabulary forever. As the



time we might not have realized how important that was—but we knew it was essential enough to talk about, casually at the dinner table that night.

In addition to *We Look and See*, the other pre-printed were *We Read and Play* and *We Come and Go*. When we had mastered those, we were ready for our first creative reader: *Fun with Dick and Jane*. None are available for use in schools in the Eighties.

OF THIS nation whose by lines sponsored in the Dick and Jane books that were mine in the Fifties, only one is alive today. He is A. Scott Foresman, seventy-seven, he lives in Columbus, Missouri.

When asked if he realized that, in a way, he was the most influential author in the lives of successful citizens of American race and women—being, as he was, the first author to first teach us to read—he laughed it off.

"I've never really thought of myself as

being influential in any way," he said. "We tried to do an honorable job of devising a reading program that would teach children the first words they would ever know. We were very serious about our work, but influential? We didn't think in those terms."

Andy was part of a team of educators who worked on the Dick and Jane books. "The method was solid," he said. "That's what you should remember. The method was built around word identification and word perception. The vocabulary was carefully controlled in the stories. Only one new word was allowed to be introduced per page. And once a word had been introduced, it had to be repeated a certain number of times. There was never a word introduced that was 'lost', once it was a part of the text, it remained a part of the text."

"With Dick, Jane, and Sally, we knew we had something very, very special. We knew that, as simple as the books seemed, what we were doing would affect the lives of generations of American children who would learn to read. And I can't imagine too many things that are more basic to a culture than that."

Andy said that, in his mind, Dick, Jane, and Sally had distinctive personalities, each clearly defined.

"Dick was sort of the hero of the family. He was the one whom the children loved. He set the pace for all of their activities. The leader of the gang."

"Jane was the typical American girl. She never got dirty—but, then, I guess is none of the children in the books ever got dirty. Jane was very well put-together. She wasn't quite so much a leader as Dick. I guess you'd say she was a mother in miniature."

"Sally was sort of the upstart. She was the baby of the group. She was a lovable little youngster, in today's terms, you would say that she was very sensitive. She wanted to emulate Dick."

Although the very mention of the Dick and Jane books brings a rush of warm





**EVEN AS WE RECOGNIZE IN THE ABSTRACT HOW VULNERABLE  
ARE THOSE AROUND US, FEW OF US FIND IT WITHIN OURSELVES  
TO BE AFFECTED PROFOUNDLY BY THAT INFORMATION.**

afflicted by trauma from without.

But, of course, it isn't that it isn't a matter of malice, or even an osseous unwillingness of spirit. Quite simply, it appears not to be among the more discernable aspects of nature that we of this curious species tend to remain alienated not only from one another but from the very forces that drive us. Even as we recognize in the abstract how vulnerable are those around us—we have, after all, let's face it, desecrated ourselves—few of us find it within ourselves to be affected profoundly by that information, let alone to act upon it as a matter of course.

"That's just the way I am," runs the universal self-explanation, and there's a great deal more to it than we'd like there to be. We all know individuals whose reactive conduct only just is as varied as we—the chronically available, the personality inconsistent, the comparatively weak of flesh—and these we generally regard as sadly flawed. But the truth is that almost all of us, if we truly agree to be better than we are, are actually joined in an ongoing struggle against fundamental parts of ourselves.

For virtually all of my life I have managed to effectively rationalize my way to the point to which my daughter rebelled. She got it wrong, by the way. I do not precisely a lesser. Rather, I am unconsciously faceted, the sort of mystic who, at the moment of ascent, as apt to be flip, who in the midst of the most correct conviction finds his head swimming, with powerful quips, who is given to making light of even the most delectable of concerns, indeed the more subtle the matter at hand, the more pronounced is my incline to begin transferring it into something else. Not very long ago, after reading an article on how parents react to the loss of child, my wife expressed the hope that should an unexpected tragedy ever befall us, we would somehow manage to draw closer together and not apart.

"Not a chance," came my reply. "I'd find a way to blame you."

Why do I do that? It is a question to which I have lately given considerable thought, and the conclusions I'm beginning to reach are less than encouraging. Certainly it has to do with self-protection, with the impulse to secure emotionally against news from sources of those who love me the most, and, more fundamentally, with a certain wall of self-enclosure. Though my conduct operates in less alienative than more direct forms of assault, and considerably less likely to provoke a hostile response, the message it conveys is very nearly identical to that carried by the

most pointed barb, delivered with a spear that the person with whom I am dealing is less mild, less worthy of serious attention than myself.

And, like all automatic behavior, it has to do with history, with an emotional agenda that was taking shape before I was consciously aware of much more than shapes and colors.

It is only now, for example, that I am becoming aware of how generally the adult behavior I describe mirrors the manner I adopted as a very small child in dealing with my older brother; indeed, how all the emotional weapons I have wielded to such effect in the years since were flagged with him somewhere in mind.

Over time, it seems to me, a relationship altered in its antagonism even by the standards generally applied to conductive violence. But the warlike was continued, marked only by occasional truces, never real surrender.

As those things often go, there were extenuating circumstances. Both of us had lost an older brother, hit by a car when Henry was three and a half and I was two years younger, and the tragedy, never discussed, chilled our entire household. My brother, his sense of personal loss beyond calculation, taking himself, as children tend to do when we are young, unprepared by experience or comparison for the role of oldest sibling, lashed out at the closest available target: me. And I, in turn, learned how to cope, would go on, in fact, to reflect similar punishment upon our next brother, yet so far be born.

But my early-to-be-remembered shoveling, difficult as that may be, constitutes only the most modest of beginnings. Whether one says to visit a couch or is obliged simply to compose many like this one, the hardest work—in those representing characters of every conceivable virtue are what to make—in these moments to moment and day to day, an one's own time. And, in this respect, we are almost all backsliders; as apt as we are at denial, as conditioned as we are to doing what comes naturally, sustained as we are to be content to our most egregious feelings, the job truly never ends.

Not are we generally helped along by society at large. This being a culture in which intensity is the norm, one in which the spiritual counsel of compassion is regularly derided as bleeding-heartism, there is no stigma at all attached to callousness. Indeed, what is displayed with particular clarity, with a pressure of style or wit or the gentleness of good humor, it is freely celebrated.

Remember the dad one recent late night, I

chanced to stumble upon Bo Derek, of all people, face-to-face with her arch-enemy, John Ritter. Why do you make those jokes about me? Bo was asking. Why do you visit around parties? me as a friend? Well? For a moment, Joan was actually flustered, then she began to assemble, deciding up the same response all of us offer in such situations. Hey, can't you take a joke? But clearly the left side won out, and she went for the clincher. The jaw-fuck it's right, she explored the studio audience, do you think it's a fat?

It was possible to watch that jerky face go slack as the applause and mucous chairs raised down upon her in the obituary.

Even if she had exactly the mental capacity Joan ascribes to her, poor Bo should have known better. In this land, to challenge the prevailing ethic in that way, even to self-delude, is worse than simply to be a hapless spoonport; it is to be antisocial.

But, quietly or overtly, it is precisely what we are so handicapped by the weight of our own delusions must begin to do. Only by distancing ourselves from the emotional rough-and-tumble around us, from so casual an acceptance of psychic violence that even an unprovoked attack on a three-and-a-half-year-old is taken as routine, can we escape, not theoretically but in fact, the violence of vulnerability. For in the end, the fact is utterly self-evident in a more decent world, no one would ever have trouble taking a joke.

I lost my brother inadequately these days, but when he recently visited New York from his home in the Midwest, it became apparent that both of us were anxious to begin bridging the gap. We talked, albeit awkwardly, about our parents, and our childhoods, and children in general, at last getting over the subject of corporal punishment. Over the conventional father, serious and high-minded, I overhauled passionately against the notion that it was over appropriate to strike a child. In fact, I argued, it adds up to sanctioned barbarism.

My brother agreed, then added, "You know, I used to get hit sometimes."

"Well," I replied instantly, with a smile. "That's different. How do you feel about it?" He made no response then, but I have since heard from friends how hurt he was by that, as, I guess, he was appalled to be.

I'm sorry, Dan, deeply sorry. And I love you.

JERRY STEIN is a contributing editor at *Esquire*. His collection *Eden and Other Goodies* is now published by St. Martin's Press.

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## SPORTS SCENES

BY PETE DEKTER

# WORKING-CLASS HERO

New Orleans Saints coach Ben Phillips believes common hard work brings uncommon rewards

I DECIDED I needed to talk to Ben Phillips the night I heard Keko had died. I was sitting at a poker table in Billings, Montana, playing fifty-dollar-limit hold 'em. There was a stuffed owl whose feet had been nailed to the wall right over my head. It was October 18, 1983.

I didn't know how to play hold 'em, but as I sat there learning it suddenly came to me, in one flash, that the reason odds look wise is because they don't know how to look scared, and that Keko and Ben had lived their lives the same way, and both of them had ended up loved in a personal way by people who had never met them. It seemed like in a world where people cut and bet to win, somebody ought to be as hard as he did that.

Nothing leads itself to abstract thinking, of course. So I stuffed owl and getting in over your head in a poker game.

It's not just me. The two hottest losers at the table—a couple of cowboys in black suits shirt with embroidered stars that looked as wet and fresh as the nose on the mouse hanging over the door—were arguing over which of the Mandrell sisters they would want if they had to do it in her embrace afterward never to make love again.

"Was we're asked about here," said the older one, "in the last meal. And for that you don't want no suit like."

"I know you're lying, Dave. You wouldn't take Barbara. Not if you was lying."

"I seen him." The older one said "Like says with puppets."

So there you are. You can believe your-a'll right into the next life, and it will all comes down to a matter of time. And while Ben and Keko are each going to have pockets of support in this it's only fair to admit here that I think Ben has had the better career.

For one thing, nobody had to grief him to make him work.

Not everybody, of course, is going to



PHOTO COURTESY OF CHRYSLER

agree with that. Anybody who must bet on their match is going to lose Keko. And there will be some who ask why it has to be Ben Phillips and Keko at all, when there are fisher names around with bigger followings. Shula, Secrest, Spectacular had had all of them but Keko, and there's no lesson in that except it's a good thing to have.

Ben and Keko didn't come into the world blessed that way. Ben was twenty-three years old before he got to college. He was forty-one before he left high school coaching for good. Keko never won the Triple Crown, or any of the races at all. He never expressed anybody with his looks, at least not until he started to run.

Moving, there was something undeniable in him. He was versatile and strong—for a horse—and strong, but mostly he was undeniable. Even losing, life would run as long as he had and carry as much weight as he had to.

And the day before he died, he walked in front of the grandstand at the Belmont track in New York. They were running the Jockey Club Gold Cup that day, a race he had won five times in the early and mid-fifties. He came out with an energetic jump and the other great getting of our time, France.

The crowd stood and applauded and France began to fight the race. Thinking he was going to race again, he reminded you that he had once broken out of a barn, made his way into the track, and joined a race in progress. He had also once raced on an exercise gallop and bitten his tongue in the chest.

Keko never knew like that, which always makes it harder to see. And on that Saturday, while France coasted his head and turned at the bit, Keko stopped at the winner's circle and one-fifth the flowers, and then went back into the paddock while people from the city of New York studied the horses applauding, some of them crying.

And the next day he went home to Maryland and died.

I CAUGHT up with Ben Phillips ten months later in Montana. Louisa, where his football team the New Orleans Saints, had just finished practice. He was sitting wearing his white, carrying a chicken leg and a case of Blatner beer.

He said, "You want a chicken leg?"

I said no.

By repetition, Ben Phillips is the loud-car coach in the history of football, the only one who would like to write the last chicken leg he had. There is something about him so immediately decent that you couldn't live with yourself knowing you took it.

"You want a beer?"

I said no.

"Son," he said, "I can use this is going to be a decent short talk." He put the chicken leg under his nose and, with no more conversation than it would take to kiss it,

it was a boss. "What can I do for you?" I asked him one question, which went on for a while. It was about his work and career, and the secret of being loved for yourself, and not for what you do.

Born picked up his shoulder and looked at me. He looked across the table and found his chewing tobacco with his hand. He never moved his eyes. "God Almighty," he said after a while.

I said I was flexible. "Or we could talk about what you can do." "Everything," he said. He patted his stomach, but it was a modest quality to Phillips up close that you don't pick up watching him walk the sidewalks on Sunday afternoon. I've seen that look before, and I have been plying on television, he said—I promise you—just like the corner of a soft when you hang into him.

I asked if he had always been strong. "Well," he said, "I worked from a very early age. Milked cows, and chickens. When I was fourteen, I got a job with TSC Motor Freight Line, loading trucks for thirty cents an hour, forty hours a week. I worked all summer at that and never did find out what TSC stood for. Might have been one of them things nobody ever knew."

"The next year I went back, I suppose, wanted my pay so I could get a driver's license. I drove trucks that year, because that's a better job than loading them. Then

I done a little of anything. After high school I joined the Marines and fought in the war. I worked with my friend Charlie McDonald, and worked the oil fields and taught wood history, anything else you could think of."

"I never did have much ambition in the regular course of the world. I always worked at the job I had. You play the hand you're dealt, and there isn't a hell of a lot else you can do."

I asked if he ever looked at a suit rig now and saw men his own age working like "Oh, you want to know what I'm doing here," he said. "I can tell you exactly. It was the Red Cross. I didn't like them from some things I'd seen in the service that didn't really have nothing to do with the organization, just some of the people in it."

"Anyway I got out of the Marines and went to work changing poles at an oil refinery outside Beaumont. And one day the Red Cross invited me and said I should go give them ten percent of our salaries to the Red Cross. I wouldn't do it."

A week later a supervisor talked to me and said I had to. I said I'd give to anybody else that needed it.

"A week later that the president himself took me up to his office and told me the company had to have all returning veterans who'd worked there before and he might have to let some of his help go to make

room. I said, 'Get my check ready, and I'll leave right now.'"

"I took the long way home—I feel like driving when I lose a job—and that's how I happened by Lamar Junior College, and stopped to watch the football team practice. The coach came over and asked if I'd like to try out for a scholarship. I said I might, and that's how it happened. If it wasn't for that, I'd have gone to another refinery job, or an oil rig."

He doesn't tell the story like football or that Red Cross saving him, though. To Ross Phillips, working off rigs is not something you need to be saved from.

At Lamar, Phillips first met his old friend Charlie McDonald, who, as it turned out, ended up as well in the office. Charlie is a veterinarian now and takes care of barns a horses back in Richardson, Texas. Phillips invited him to come to San Francisco for a football game. He said something like "Come-on, Charlie, walk off their tails and let's go to San Francisco."

"We both survived, each other forty years," Charlie said last, "and that isn't changed in six. It's a job as common now as he ever was. He knows good people when he sees them. He knows when people want to listen, and he knows when they want to talk. We'll sit in the cab at night and somebody will come up and want to tell us what's wrong with his defense, and he'll listen. That's what makes him so flexible. He doesn't ever just stand up and knock them on their fat."

Charlie and Ross were on the line a few minutes telling each other how to run their businesses. When they hung up, I pulled Phillips back toward his place in the after-noon of strangers.

"What happens when your work makes you famous?" I asked.

He thought about it a minute and rubbed his eyes. "You give a lot of cowboy boots away to charity," he said. "And hats. They auction them off."

"Can a change your?"

"I will work the same, if that's what you mean," he said. "I always work the job I said I'd do. A person ought to do that, and I expect it from my players and coaches."

"If you come in here and try, we aren't going to have any problems. If you don't try, then we got a problem, but we aren't going to have it long. You aren't going to be here. I don't like lazy people."

"As simple as that?"

"As simple as keeping your promise," he said. "What you say you do, you ought to do it."

And there is hope in that. I think. And Ross Phillips holds it out for common people and makes uncommon things seem possible.

A person ought to respect his promise," he said.

PHILIP DAVIES is a columnist for the Philadelphia Daily News. His first novel, *God's Pocket*, was published by Random House last year.



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# THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

## Filthy Rich

BY CARL KAPLAN

TO HEAR AL Bloom tell it, the Sexual Revolution was triggered by the invention of the pill, but the rebellion's earnest, second stage started with the creation of the home videotape recorder. Bloom knows his subject: As president of Calabasas Control Corporation, a California-based "adult entertainment" movie studio, he's witnessed the decline of the adult theater and bookstores and the rise of the X-rated home-video market—a multimillion-dollar, soon to be billion-dollar industry. With that shift in business direction his core mass distribution of pornography and a new white-collar audience.

Fifteen years ago, when Bloom first entered the porn business, he produced movies for the adult theater and film-sharing markets only. In 1965 Calabasas will generate 75 percent of all revenues from home-video sales, Cal Vata, another California-based adult entertainment factory, releases twenty-five movies per year. President Sidney Neher says that a dozen 20-to-40-year-olds are responsible for 80 percent of its revenues from home-video sales.

One great advantage of home video is its vast sales network. At present there are fewer than eight hundred adult movie theaters in the U.S. At the same time, there are more than fourteen thousand music-and-pop video stores, of which an estimated 75 percent carry adult products. "We also sell to TV and public libraries, to video stores, to movie chains, to adult bookstores, and to some gas stations in California," maintains Neher.

A second advantage of home video is that, by and large, it is sold at less and freely, since they are unregulated by the porn regulators. "We don't run our shop like a dirty bookstore," says Jerry Fiebowitz, president of Movies Unlimited, Philadelphia's largest video store. "We provide order forms and permits if our customers want pornography."

In Fiebowitz's experience, an adult picture is one of the first tapes a new VCR owner buys or rents. "Everybody buys and rents X," he says. "It's doctors and



Sex seen through screens

lawyers—a real high-class clientele."

The success of video stores is during studios like Calabasas and Cal Vata to appeal more and more to their "new audience." As a result, the best adult films from the major studios don't look like open-heart surgery; they have big budgets, story lines geared to couples, and a star appeal.

"I've spent as much as \$400,000 on one movie," says Bloom. "The films we do today are not for the man who crowd. We're looking to cater to the middle class."

Other producers are creating entirely new forms of adult entertainment. One innovator is Kenyon Video, the first ever company to come out with an adult magazine on videocassette. Issued quarterly, *Electronic Blue* features sex poses, an electronic soundtrack, and in-

terviews. "Business is very, very good," says Kenyon's general manager Russ Wilson. Kenyon's audience ranges in age from twenty-five to thirty, he adds. "Our purchasers are 80 percent male, 20 percent female. Our tapes are designed to be viewed in closed company."

Adult-movie makers don't seek respectability, that would be a dead blow to an industry that thrives on the idea of the forbidden. What they seek is profits, and in the language of the business, there's no place to go but up. "The future can only get better," says Sidney Neher. "Next year there will be a total of twenty million VCRs in the U.S. That's a huge market."

Not one to project the Sexual Revolution Part II from any part of the VCR owning public, Neher's company selected two videotapes with captions for the hearing impaired.

## PERSONAL TECHNOLOGY

**The Pocket Translator** by John H. Rand  
HAVE YOU EVER WANTED to take a trip to Paris because you don't know enough French? Suburban New York condenses with its own phrasebook and tape along the road to the Translator 2000, developed by Longman-Publishers of Masses, New York. It stands four thousand many foreign vocabularies geared to the tourist and student in separate French, Spanish, and German models for \$69.95 each.

One recent trip I whizzed away a full hour with a demonstration model in the palm of my hand. Using the translator's practice key, I tossed myself with flash-card-like questions, and I was able to store up to sixteen thousand words for recalling later. Longman-Publishers, a 130-year-old publisher of foreign dictionaries, promises the Translator's battery will be one thousand hours—three times the length of the typical European vacation.

## Strike Up the Synthesizer

by Ben Sidman

A FEW SHORT years ago music syntheizers were bulky tanks of plugs and wires that took a technician to operate and, all too often, sounded like a concert of bells. Not so today. Since the advent of digital computers, the computer is at the heart of thousands of recordings: from jazz albums to rock hits, and they sound like music, not machines.

One result of this new frontier in the computer revolution can be read in statistics just released by the American Federation of Musicians. In 1983, record companies paid out 17.5 percent less to musicians for recording sessions than they had in the previous year. As record producer Leon Sylvers said last year:

"Through technology, everybody can have rhythm. It's amazing a lot of machines use and fewer live musicians at the studio." The bottom line: musicians are being threatened by synthesizer technology.

It was the introduction of a small unit called the LM-1 drum computer back in 1979 that helped legitimize the new music machines. Inspired by Roger Linn, a rock 'n' roll guitar player with little previous computer experience, the Landrum line of drum computers is as good as the real thing because it is, figuratively, the real thing: the drums of the best studio musicians recorded a strike at a time in recordings and stored for later use.

The price of the unit has dropped from an initial \$5,000 to today's price of around \$2,500. Because of the price drop, entry in the recording business welcomed the new music computer with

The chips behind the chips



## New America's People

BY RIA PLUM



representatives whose services are in increasing demand. Thanks to the breakup of AT&T, what he does is analyze a company's communications needs and design a system from scratch. The system can be available almost instantaneously if he's in a very reasonable rate. The majority of his clients are public interest groups. The New York branch of the National Resources Defense Council, for one, has received about \$50,000 in savings. Earlier this year he and one partner set up Public Interest Television expenditures in Brooklyn.

Establishing a corporation has not been without its gray areas for Gelman. "I couldn't deal with being a boss," he says. "I'm simply incapable myself." So for these positions are experimenting with a workers-owned cooperative set up. And though Gelman insists that at least two-thirds of his clients be public interest groups, he does not mind working with—recently, for example, a New York commercial brokerage "I'm not interested," he says. "I could do a lot of phones made by GTE Inc."

in open checkbook. The recent sale of the Landrum line to his brother-in-law's "Thunder" and Ray Parker Jr.'s "Ghostbusters" only adds fuel to the fire.

Naturally enough, Roger Linn sees his audience in terms of the logical progression of things. "The first pipe organ was a pipe synthesizer for an orchestra," he says. "What we're doing here is just another evolutionary step." But others have raised the concern that because so many records are now being made with the same equipment, they're all starting to sound alike. Hence, we're losing valuable cultural distinctions—those between black and white music, for instance—and further, the profession for a young musician to develop his own sound is being undermined.

Studio drummer Buddy Williams, after touring with David Sanborn's band, summed it all up nicely. "Man, I feel just like John Henry... trying to stay on top ahead of the machine."

## Stone's World

BY RIA PLUM

ONE DAY MAY succeed in becoming America's first truly musical newspaper, but it still won't match the designs of WorldPaper. The five-year-old supplement to journals on five continents seeks nothing less than to become the first "global community newspaper."

The paper employs a network of fifteen editors based from Caracas to Lima. Though it has been more with a position like editor at its best paper in South Africa, for instance, was fired for publishing anti-apartheid articles, a contractor to grow, attracting writers of such stature as John Kenneth Galbraith. WorldPaper is the creation of city-people-old Martin Stone. Born in poverty, Stone took the Houston Aler note to become chairman and CEO of Houston Industries. In the late 1980s he became the first head of a company listed on the New York Stock Exchange to publicly oppose the Vietnam War—a bold move for a defense contractor—and then helped organize another candidate Eugene McCarthy's 1986 presidential bid. Since, Stone made Richard Nixon's enemies list.

But Stone makes a fervent believer in "true free enterprise system" and supports the work of several conservative think tanks. He owns a major-league ball club and California Blueprints, the nation's largest reprint business magazine. Stone hopes WorldPaper will help "citizens of every country know how news are perceived in other nations." The paper's policies are machine-driven "to be free from management's interference."



When it first hit the street, Car and Driver called it "what the Firebird and Camaro could have been."

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

# Mending Marrow with Magnetism

BY ERIC A. LEMER

A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN hobbles into her doctor's office on crutches, unable to walk more than two blocks and in severe pain. She is a victim of osteoporosis: the bones in her hip are dying. The doctor proposes a new, experimental treatment—another drug, not surgery, but a pair of C-shaped coils were inserted the last every night that produces pulses of electricity.

Though it sounds like quackery, it's not. The doctor is C. Andrew L. Russell, a pioneer in the treatment, and eleven months later the young woman is free of pain and walking normally, her hip almost totally healed. The treatment is called Pulsed Electromagnetic Fields, or PEMF, and is now being used by an increasing number of orthopedic surgeons in combat with common bone diseases as osteoporosis (a disease common in elderly women, in which the bones become brittle), and "stress" fractures (broken bones that won't heal).

PEMF was approved by the FDA in 1979 for use in cracked fractures, and



A new way to healing

since this case, this thirty-five thousand patients have been treated, with an overall success rate of over 80 percent. The treatment's use in osteoporosis and osteoarthritis is still somewhat experimental, but excellent results have been reported in these diseases as well.

Patients using PEMF treat themselves in their homes, usually while resting or sleeping. They put on a specially designed electrical device that lies over the affected bones and produces a pulsed electrical field, which in turn generates tiny electrical currents inside the bones.

Bones in normal use produce tiny pulses of electricity every time they are stressed, as in walking. The electrical pulses stimulate bone cells to lay down more bone, thus reducing the stresses that cause the patient—a built-in control

that produces bones of just the right shape and size for the work they do.

Scientists have found that by producing artificial pulses of electricity that simulate the natural ones, they can make bones grow. NASA reported some of this work, because it found that astronauts suffered loss of bone mass after several months in space. When bones are less stressed, fewer pulses are produced and the cells stop laying down new bone. The result is osteoporosis—the loss of bone material.

To combat this loss, PEMF provides the missing pulses, giving the signal to the bone cells that the body itself can't give. While NASA is not yet equipping astronauts with PEMF devices, the treatment offers hope for millions of elderly people now crippled by bone disease.



- 1 Stand straight up with your feet comfortably apart. Let your arms hang loosely at your sides. A helper should stand perpendicular to you, not facing you but closer to a distance of approximately twelve inches.
- 2 Now contract your body and gently rock your head back and forth with the right hand. As your helper does this, lift all your awareness and attention to the tips of the body that are being touched.
- 3 Continue that back-and-forth movement and gently rock your head back and forth with the left hand. This increases the muscular balance, just as gently rock your head back and forth with the right hand to increase the balance of the left hand.
- 4 Both of you now describe your original position. Then, one by one, describe your position with your left hand. Then all of your awareness and attention to your center. Describe in your words when you enter the center. Describe in your words when you leave the center. Describe in your words when you enter the center. Describe in your words when you leave the center.
- 5 Now go into the center. When you enter the center, describe in your words when you enter the center. Describe in your words when you leave the center. Describe in your words when you enter the center. Describe in your words when you leave the center.

## Energy Through Exercise

BY ERIC A. LEMER

PERFECTLY JANE, KIMBLE is the San Francisco Center's health resource director, but he also serves as their energy awareness consultant, teaching the players to achieve both the mind and right hemisphere of the brain while breathing, running, and pitching. But you couldn't be a major league pitcher from Kimble's techniques. Try balancing your mind and life with this one:

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HANLEY

"One of life's little pleasures... coffee that tastes my way."

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Introducing a whole new coffee experience. Not one but four new custom-blended coffees. So many for the first time, you can have coffee made to taste your way. Now this whole difference where you first open the jar—the custom-blended tones of different bean varieties choose you.



For your individual taste. Which new one is it yours? The bold, rich, deep-bodied experience of BRAVA, the rich, sophisticated satisfaction of CLASSICO, the smooth, subtle and refined pleasure of SILK, or the specially decaffeinated taste of Decaf? One sip and you'll know which one is made to taste your way.

*taste your way*  
**NESCAFÉ**



## CHANGES

# Placing a Premium on the Future

INSURERS HAVE SCRAMBLED to keep up with escalating charges, from the entry of banks (and discount stores) into the insurance marketplace to the gradual replacement of whole life insurance with higher-yielding variable life and term life policies. But the industry does have an early warning system—the Tread Ahead—yes, Progress (TAP) of the American Council of Life Insurance. Founded in 1968, TAP is the oldest and largest in-dustry-sponsored financial group.

TAP operates with the aid of 125 volunteers in life insurance offices across America, each "monitor" reads a particular publication, in search of new ideas. Once a year the monitors meet with prominent futurists to exchange ideas.

Monitors send reports to TAP headquarters in Washington at the rate of one a week; the reports are placed in a computer data base. Tapping the words "nutrition and diet" into the system reveals more than forty articles that have been summarized by TAP members in ERB, from a piece in *Nature* that urges insurance in personal space coverage to an *Anthropological Institute* analysis of the health food market.

TAP reports its findings in a bi-monthly newsletter and in four longer reports designed to alert insurers to future trends. The group's work has had an impact: for instance, a ERB report on

the growing number of seniors in the workplace, widely circulated on Capitol Hill, started again last year during debates on senior insurance legislation.

Most insurers use TAP to educate insurance executives on the importance of analyzing the future. "People have an idea of looking at trends," says TAP monitor John T. Clark, an assistant vice-president of Mutual of Ontario. "Without TAP, most executives wouldn't worry about the future at all."

"I try to use TAP to tell my bosses about upcoming problems," says another monitor. "When I tell them about things like noninsurance companies selling insurance and how that's going to go, they say, 'Nah, that can't happen.'"

TAP studies scheduled to be published in the next two years include:

- Nutrition and its effect on life expectancy, a study that may have far-reaching consequences. "The older lower rates for smokers," a TAP contributor, Sharna Milano notes, "should we offer lower rates for vegetarians?"
- An analysis of our changing notions of retirement, including shifts in the retirement age and how at-risk studies about retirement have played in the last decade.
- New minorities in America. What new underclasses have been created during the longer years?

## General Patents

A Monthly  
Cavalcade of American  
Inventiveness



Arms too tired after waving the flag on the Fourth of July? Are the Stars and Stripes giving you aches and pains? William B. Bowers of Torrington, Connecticut, wants to save Old Glory for you—thanks to his new flag-waving machine. The number of cone gears and levers (snapped out of work due to fatal technological innovation in a marine food debate. (Patent 4,463,234)



Thanks to Prudence Korman of San Diego, California, and Viviana Luviano of Sayreville, Utah, you don't have to freeze your bottom on the ski slopes anymore. The two mogul moguls have created a "butt protection device for skiers," which is designed to prevent the skier from slipping up the slopes. The invention is a covering for the posterior, made out of a waterproof piece of fabric that holds out a leak. (Patent 4,458,700)



Your house keys have always unlocked doors, but Vince Perry of Minneapolis, New York, wants to turn your keys into a self-defense weapon as well. Perry's new device consists of a key chain with a coiled flexible rope that fits inside a lock handle. Press on the end and the rope uncoils, turning the chain into a portable noose. (Patent 4,468,174)



First came the disposable drink box with a straw attached in plastic on its side. Now Ronald D. Balluff and George Spicars are redefining with metal they have created a drinking straw inside a can. Open the pull tab and the straw pops out, ready for sipping. (Patent 4,468,569)

By Martin Morse Wooster

## Not for Sale... Yet!



At Home with SEA's Men's Store

A Saks Fifth Avenue wardrobe for men... to shop for from home! Find everything a man needs within our Menswear Catalogs for Spring and for Fall 1985. To receive the Spring Catalog in March and the Fall Catalog in September, simply enclose a \$2 check or money order with the completed attached coupon and return it to us no later than January 31, 1985.

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State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Saks Fifth Avenue/Folio

## Evidence

of the new America can be found every day on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal's* second section.

**A** This column devoted to trend analysis, *The Monday and Tuesday's* is filled with figures and facts. It's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future, and it's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future. It's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future, and it's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future. It's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future, and it's the *Wall Street Journal's* first step in the future.

**B** Is the *Wall Street Journal's* the only one that usually describes a product or service that could change the world? Today the *Wall Street Journal's* is the only one that usually describes a product or service that could change the world. Today the *Wall Street Journal's* is the only one that usually describes a product or service that could change the world.

**C** You can generally expect one of the new *Wall Street Journal's* to deal with a trend in technology or a trend in business. On October 10, *The Wall Street Journal's* is the only one that usually describes a product or service that could change the world. Today the *Wall Street Journal's* is the only one that usually describes a product or service that could change the world.

THE  
NEWAMERICA  
CORPORATION

## Pumping Chi

BY BEN ROSENBERG

TAI CHI is for people who can't stand yoga. Like me. My disheartenment dates back to the time when I was investigating a story about the sexual seductions of a well-known yoga instructor. In the course of getting to know one of my interviewees, I was persuaded to take an "advanced intermediate" yoga class the night I wrote that article. In my futile effort to keep up with the leader, I twisted a vertebra. To this day it hurts when I think of taking a yoga class.

What are the alternatives for those seeking the fitness, grace, and strength promised by Eastern physical disciplines? You could take up a martial art. Some people like being thrown all over again by experts, and enjoy "getting into" the Zen of some tenuous and delicate disciplines that frequently accompany rigorous training.

But if you're seeking something less static than yoga, and something less joltingly painful and lock-downed than karate, judo, or Jiu-Jitsu, then let me tell you about the way to tai chi, the perfect middle way between yoga and martial arts.

You may have seen tai chi in the mass commercial video workouts that Chinese newsmen are fond of showing. It

may haven't seem it, imagine one of the lightning-fast, whirling, striking, kicking, jumping, leaping routines in a Bruce Lee movie. That's maybe Bruce doing the same thing in superhuman motion. That's the best working definition of tai chi—slow-motion kung fu.

It was raining that brought me to tai chi. When I discovered my weekly distance from thirty to forty miles, I started getting tendinitis in my heel. Was told to stop running for six weeks. Knew that I'd jump out of my skin if I didn't have a substitute, turned up at the Ahn Tai Chi Studio in SoHo. Took six weeks of classes. Learned about half the "short form" or the Chen Xiao Chang styles. Found the teachers disappointed. Started running again with no problem. Continued doing a half hour of tai chi every day, usually before running. Three days almost every day—without three-month exceptions—for five years now.

Before I got into the exception, let me tell you a little about some of the "other benefits" of tai chi aside from its usefulness for "Western" purposes. I'm not going to try to tell you any Oriental philosophy here. (Personally, I think Oriental philosophy is highly overrated. I mean I know the official answer to the question about the sound of one hand clapping—and it's not that great.) But after doing tai chi for about three months you begin to experience a kind of physical embolism of Eastern metaphysical concepts. The rhythmic shuffling of weight and momentum up and down the body gives you a sense of the yin-yang of movement, from filling to emptying. You experience yourself growing out of the ground rather than shackled to it (this

will sound like gibberish until you do it). As I begin to experience the way your body's energy or chi, both balanced, integrated, centered, and harmonized after a half hour of tai chi movement, and you understand the disorderly, jiggling, deconstructed feeling you have after you've gone without it for a time.

I'm not suggesting tai chi is a substitute for other kinds of exercise. It doesn't build up a superstructure of muscle the way pumping iron does. But I think it does generate some kind of muscular resistance from the inside out as you pump your own weight in and out of your muscles. You can think of it as pumping chi.

And I don't think it's a substitute for aerobic-type exercises such as running or swimming. But I do think it is a substantial adjunct to those. Because without the kind of flexibility and balance and stretching a tai chi exercise gives



you, you'll be more vulnerable to the injuries imbalances can cause. I found that out when I pushed my running from forty to fifty miles a week. For a few months then I just taught and my tai chi warm-up. The whole running thing was taking up too much of my day. Something had to go.

Wrong. By the third month I was getting all kinds of leg aches and pains. I'd never had before. Got the message. Let me tell you my body talk. Actually a voice talking; it was running. Started by chi again. Gradually lost the leg pains. Now if I could only let that damn vertebra

## "Gee, thanks" vs. "GEE, THANKS!"



We know how it is. Every Christmas, you shop for ho-ho-ho. And end up with ho-hum.

This year, give Weber® instead.



Weber has a gift for almost everyone, from barbecue kettles to accessories to the new Weber FirePlace®.



All of them are built with legendary Weber quality. And any one of them is a welcome surprise on Christmas morning.

So this year, put Weber under the tree. And see what kind of thanks you get.



For the name of a Weber dealer near you, call 1-800-325-7596. In Illinois, call (312) 624-5460.

Illustration: Mike Miller

TO SET THE record straight, Walt Disney's body is not frozen. But James Earl Ray's has been for nearly ten years. When the seventy-three-year-old Galesville, California, psychologist died in 1967, he became the first human placed in cryonic suspension. There he lies, his blood replaced by chemicals, his body frozen solid until scientists discover a cure for cancer—not to mention a way to bring frozen corpses back to life.

Cryonics disputes about the movement's future has divided somewhat since the Sixties and Seventies, when as many as forty persons were frozen in storage capsules. Only eleven bodies remain, according to Arthur Quake, president of Texas Trust of Energyville, California. "Many don't make the proper legal and financial arrangements and tend to be thwarted," he says. Quake's organization requires members to pay a minimum of \$80,000, usually through life insurance—\$20,000 pays to prepare the body for freezing, while the rest is needed to cover maintenance. The South Florida Cryonics Society will not consider anyone with less than a \$100,000 policy. But skyrocketing costs and, the most significant factor against resurrection, is the lack of a track

record. "Medical science is far closer to finding a cure for cancer than a cure for death, and cryonics researchers are struggling for funds to continue their work. 'The progress is minuscule. We can't show we can freeze a person today and bring him back tomorrow,'" says Quake. "It's hard to sell on that basis."

The organizations, four in California and one each in Florida and Michigan, do continue to sell hope. And, however slim, hope is enough for most members. The faithful total more than 125 nationwide and include a high percentage of computer specialists, physical and mathematical scientists, and teachers—people who have an appreciation of the power of modern science, who think it's better to be alive than dead," says Quake. Austin Tugler, president of South Florida Cryonics, finds salience in such medical studies as the freezing of blood, organs, and limbs. "I don't think I have much chance of coming back. I feel I'm donating my body to science," he says. "But my three sons will have a 15-percent better chance than I do. It's worth it for that reason." Another donor who looks dubious and jokes about "Cryonics" Tugler has a reprieve: he just might have the last laugh.



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It is a car in which electronically impulsed fuel injection has replaced the carburetor.

To give you more consistent starts. Smoother acceleration. More precise response.

It is a car in which the engine's vital functions are monitored and adjusted 250,000 times a second by computer.

To constantly fine-tune the engine's performance to account for in-

fluences even as subtle as changes in barometric pressure in the air.

It is a car whose design and construction have been centered around a variety of concerns.

As significant as safety, with impact-absorbing crumple zones and a high-strength passenger capsule to help protect the occupants in case of an accident.

And as luxurious as custom matching of every tire to every wheel

to maximize smoothness of ride.

The Mercury Cougar is a car so committed to aerodynamic principles, there are even openings to move air under the car for effective engine cooling.

In fact, there are hundreds of practical, intelligent reasons to own a Cougar that have nothing to do with the fact that it's also a very beautiful car.

So if you're one

of those who've been attracted by its looks, but were determined to buy something that's completely practical, call us toll-free at 1-800-MERCUFAX and let us send you a 1985 Cougar catalog.

We'll help you buy one of the most beautiful cars you may ever own.

For purely practical reasons

## Mercury Cougar

BY ADAM SMITH

## The Half-life of the M.B.A. Mentality

**L**OSERS in her mid-twenties, and she works in New York in that sector that supports the world of vanity publishing, magazines, advertising, public relations. She shared a house at the beach last summer with a large group of single men and women. Most of them were M.B.A.s, she said, and she had some trouble getting along with them because of their "M.B.A. mentality."

I asked her what an M.B.A. mentality was. After all, an M.B.A. is just a master's degree in business administration. We do not think of masters in English or architecture as particularly having a civic mentality. Less herself has a master's from Stanford, so he was just as highly educated as her housemates. But her degree was in English, and the M.B.A. is considered themselves superior. Why?

"Because they make more money," Lois said. "Sometimes I think we're living in a two-tier society. There are M.B.A.s, and there is everybody else. The M.B.A.s think of everyone as a source of money. They seek everyone they meet by salary. They look up to those who make more money and down on those who make less. If you're been to a famous business school like Harvard or Stanford, you outrank people from the other business schools—and the people from the other schools start to make a lot more money or get a more prestigious job. To an M.B.A., it's important to have the right kind of car, to live in the right kind of neighborhood, to have the right kind of clothes. M.B.A.s have an eye for artists—unless the artist is very famous. They would never date a professor or a teacher at a research academy—unless the research academy was about to invent a product that could make a lot of money."

M.B.A.s have a condescending attitude toward people with advanced degrees, though they enjoy associating with them. M.B.A.s want money because it buys

power, prestige, and the right possessions. Money is the measure of their success, but it is not the only measure. It is the measure in business that counts. If you tell M.B.A.s why they want these things, they don't even understand the question.

"So what got to me was feeling I was at the wrong end of the telescope. Somebody would say, 'In Lois, and the M.B.A.s would say ME.' There one instance about the weather of the beach, and then: 'Where do you work?' I would tell them I worked for a publisher. They would say 'Oh, even though publishing is an interesting business—in fact, it's so interesting that the salaries are low because of high competition for the jobs. They would say 'Oh, and then they'd want to go meet somebody else. I guess you could get their attention at you said. Tom Jensen, Nielsen's editor, and he just purchased \$2 million in Southwest, but it would be the \$2 million they'd be interested in. Needless to say, I'm not Jensen Nielsen's editor, and my writers are not in a position to give anything to anybody—they have a hard enough time with the rest."

Lois is a capitalist. She has stopped smoking several times, but apparently she found the smell of smoldering cigarettes strong enough to reach into her purse.

"Now, these first-class M.B.A.s, I think," she said. "Maybe there are others who aren't quite like this. The first-class M.B.A.s are the ones who get the contracts their second year at business school. Companies need these students at negotiating—and students come back and compare notes. Strong or salacious at your director? Chocolates or lawyers after dinner? What kind of car did they give you? What hotel did they put you up in? If these students have any kind of grades—or outside business experience—they think of the relatively very, very highly, and they want the best. There is apparently so much demand that new M.B.A.s can make two or three times what non-M.B.A.s

make. They can start right out of business school at \$50,000 a year if they had some experience in business before school. I know one who got \$60,000 a year."

Lois was opposed by the intensity of the M.B.A.s in her house and seemed to be away from them.

"I know they work hard," she said. "The hard. Sometimes they didn't get the whole weekend off, even in summer. In a lot of Wall Street firms they have to get there earlier than the partners they work for and have the papers read and the work prepared, and some of those partners get there at six thirty or seven in the morning. It's not an all-around to work until eleven at night. Naturally, your social life develops in the firm or company—who else do you meet? I knew a woman who had a hysterical pain and a half day long—then she had to fly to Cleveland to lose a child. The work itself becomes a drug, and then they don't know how to do or talk about any thing else. You should have seen them—on Sunday night people have to be in the beach, usually, and it is hard to have a new tape they bought, somebody else has seen a great movie, and the M.B.A.s are in the kitchen talking drinks and perogonist and clients. He said I want to know is this—just what the hell is it they do that is worth as much money?"

WHAT is it they do that is worth as much money? I have said Lois's income at some length because she asked a very pertinent question, and the answer says something about the kind of society we live in. It is the social order—the tax laws, the customs, even the attitudes of the times—that produce these money discrepancies. We take for granted that, for example, that doctors make a lot of money. If it had always been this way, Louis L'Amour would have been graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1922, an advice from other physicians. Anna Karenina is the author of *The Money Game*, *Supremacy*, *Power of Mind*, and *Power Money*.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY



this appeared in a business yearbook that that young doctors should have rich wives, because, while medicine was a male calling, one could actually make a living from it. Doctors are much richer now, but not because their education lasts so long as before. It is less and less because more expensive. Doctors are richer because of what is called "third-party insurance." Society decided that medical care was a right. It did not decide this overnight, some of the countries have been corporations were subjects of fierce negotiation by unions. The federal government has allowed medicine and medicine only since 1965. Fifty percent, if you got sick, you got sick your own expense, and poor sick people did not make for high—or promptly paid—medical bills. But doctors can now collect from Third-party or Prudential or the federal government, and health care accounts for 30 percent of the GNP—that's \$37 billion a year. It's a lot easier to be a rich doctor than it used to be.

We used to think entire plants made as much as \$100,000 a year because they were responsible for our lives when we flew with them. The usage grew up of the silver-haired responsible competent li-

ther figure, with the Chuck Yeager losses on the aircraft—this is your captain speaking. Then People Express came along and proved it could pay pilots \$95,000 a year to fly a 727 at 1,500 miles and the pilot could say "This is your captain speaking" just like the \$100,000 pilot. Much of the flying public seems more influenced by low fares than the experience or safety of the pilot, and I suspect pay raises of all pilots will be slowed by the competition from People Express. We still respect pilots, just as we respect doctors—no one else can fly or take in such ease. Airline deregulation permitted the entry of lower carriers that needed low costs. Society wanted deregulation, and a skilled profession is affected, just as third-party insurance made for rich doctors.

Lois's last M.B.A. was more serious consulting with one of the major firms on Wall Street. Consulting has traditionally paid high fees to recent business school graduates. The Wall Street M.B.A. is from Lois's summer house were—judging from the looks they kept and the money they made—an investment banking and underwriting. An underwriter sells issues of stocks or bonds. The deal involved is the act of selling up the opportunity in the mar-

"NEW M.B.A.s CAN MAKE two or three times what non-M.B.A.s make," said Lois. "They can start at \$50,000 a year. I know one who got \$85,000 a year. Just what the hell is it they do that is worth so much money?"

ketplace, supplying the client to take action, and marketing the security. Underwriters' fees are large not because the houses are large or the world is at stake, but because their fees are a percentage of the dollars at stake in the deal. If you bring me your company, which is making \$2 million a year in profits, and I bring off a deal that gives a market value of \$10 million to your company, you're not going to gobble when I send you a bill for a million dollars, and I may be able to do all that work in a week.

One activity of investment bankers is to buy and sell companies or divisions of companies. This is slightly more complex than buying or selling a house, but it doesn't necessarily take more time. I have a friend who is an investment banker who used to buy companies for ITT when that giant bought all sorts of emergencies. ITT bought Avis Rent a Car and Western Union, among others. I am not sure which deal my friend worked on, but he got quite rich. Now ITT's stock is down, and these are worries that another management may take it over and sell off all the companies—or at least some of them—that were acquired. ITT went up and ITT went down, but the investment bankers' (and money men) in both directions. And the first "Well, when Getty was bought by Time, the investment banker's fees amounted to have made \$45 million, because the value of Getty was \$90 billion. Fifty of cash there to pay hard-working young M.B.A.s."

Will it always be this? I think not. There is always the cycle. We have divisions to which the values of the business society are paramount, in which getting and spending are very important, and in which money is often for granted as the accepted medium. And we have firms in which cash means power, in which money is the accepted goal. The firms are not only to turn up, the Reagan years will be remembered as money value years. The values of the first week will be with an article longer, but not longer. ■

# How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

While the advent of apparel is certainly appreciated, especially in sub-zero surroundings, the birth of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps is universally ballyhooed.

All it takes is one teeny-weeny taste to convince you that this refreshingly crisp blend selected from nine apple varieties is the most sinfully delicious thing to happen to apples since day one.

Whether you're throwing a posh garden party or entertaining a party of one, succumb to the temptation of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps. It makes every Eve feel a little special.



## DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps

DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps Liqueur 40 Proof. John DeKuyper & Son, Elmwood Place, Ohio.

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Esquire

# Dubious Achievements of 1984

## THE ANNUAL REPORT

*Let future historians decide whether the quality of 1984 was better or worse than the ponyplay. We're just happy it's over. Oh, there were some good times: Liberace celebrated his fortieth anniversary in show business, Virginia Randel and Stephen Loren both turned 40, and the year marked the thirtieth birthday of the TV shower. Still, the newspapers weren't exactly brimming over with joy. Before we get to the details, let's recap the year in brief, up close and very personal.*

### In Business



**JOHN DELOREAN** put a hot video but was acquitted nevertheless.

### In Human Affairs



**MICHAEL JACKSON** was all alone in **ORFEL HANNAH** was all wet.



### In Politics



**LOUIS FARRAKHAN** came out in support of Hitler. "a very great man."

### In Sports



**MARY DECKER** was the year's worst loser—in a relay.

### In the Relations Between Men and Women



**BOB GUCCIONE** snatched the girl next door.



**STUART L. SCHRÖDER**, a Yale profile view, helped create a dating service for colicatholics.

## Business



**THANKS, BUT WE'RE ALREADY BOOED AT THE WILDOOSE MEADOW**

Canada entrepreneur Jell Walker took out an eighty-year lease on a room at Miami's Biscayne Hotel in which John Lennon once stayed, then announced plans to rent it out to Beatles fans.

### THAT'S THE DIALOGUE WITH FOUR SIDES, RIGHT?

The director of Tantalus Partners admitted that the street cards to hundreds of questions via two innocuous: "This is a game we're talking about," said a company spokesman, "not the Protégé."



**GOES NICELY WITH WING TIPS AND BOWTIE: BERSERK-SHIRT**

Designer Lee Sands of Honolulu designed an athletic case made out of the skin of a chicken feet.

### WHAT'S BROWN AND WHITE AND READ ALL OVER?

Puck's Farm in Ontario, Canada, began renting out advertising space on the backs of its cows.

### COMING SOON: HOUSE GORGEOUS, SEVENTEEN AND-A-SALE, AND THE NEW YOUNGEST

Freddie Good, a women's magazine devoted to fashion, beauty, health, and fitness, changed the



**SANDY, WE'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MOTHER TERESA**

Sandford Stern of Princeton, New Jersey, opened a museum camp for College Park dolls. "I knew it sounds like an incredible rip-off," Stern said, "but it's not."

### name of the magazine is Feeling Great.

AND, AS MAN AT HIS BEST SAYS, IN A BOX, NEVER IN A VASE.

Small Arms Weaponry, a Nashville store, ran a Valentine's Day ad suggesting that men give their loved ones handguns.

### BUT SUNNY BOY RÖHL JAMES HERE!

A community protest

delayed the opening of Roy-Sung Cho's deli on fashionable Park Avenue in Manhattan. Asked one resident leader, "Do the residents of Park Avenue want to look out the window at vegetable?"

WE'RE BRUSHING AS FAST AS WE CAN  
Perrin's National Caca Company began experimenting with a brand of toothpaste containing cocaine.

### LUDMILLA SIBIRSKY EARNED MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...

Ludmila Sibirsky of Poland was charged with kidnapping her husband by charging him for sex. The plaintiff said that after twenty-eight years he could no longer afford the \$800 she charged per session.

### IN FINLAND THEY CAN'T KEEP IT ON THE SHELF

KKA announced plans to market Low Stalks, an edible, vitamin-rich natural looking ball made of simulated microbe.



### INNOCENT DISCLOSURE

R. Foster Watson was told as a reporter at The Wall Street Journal that he was charged with placing people in stock automobiles to be free to be killed, who allegedly practiced on it at the stock market.

### \$1.5 BILLION FOR CHRYSLER AND NOT A DOLLAR SLEEPS FOR HIMSELF

To be precise—the true outcome of the Puck's Fishman and the Snodgrass Fishman and the Vag 11 Man—who filed for bankruptcy.

### THE FIRST ANNUAL ESQUIRE MAN-OF-THE-YEAR: CAN YOU GUESS THE IDENTITY OF THIS FAMOUS MAN-WOMAN?



## DON'T MISS

# The year according to Esquire:

### DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT

**ANALYST January.** Esquire of its nature. A collection of the bizarre and probably dumb events of the past year. Lovingly chiseled as words and pictures.



### THE SOUL OF AMERICA

**June.** Collector's item! A trip to 50 American cities and towns that completely use national character. The people. Beliefs. Legends and businesses. A tribute and portrait of America's best possibilities.



### FALL FASHION PREVIEW

**September.** Looks to launch you into better identity. You share a hair. But not a face. Just the quality fashion sense you're more to depend on.



### HOME DESIGN/ARCHITECTURE

**July.** An in-depth look at the past seasonal man's approach to his home environment. Design. Building. Details. Decorating. Solid masculine class.

### SUMMER READING

**August.** Escape from the last new fiction novel. Plus a look at what's in progress. A readable vacation reading list.



### MONEY February

Making it. Spending it. Saving it. Investing it. Plus... our new section "Smart Money" now monthly.

**SPRING FASHION March.** Not just jackets, pants, shirts and ties. But trends, ensembles, accessories, etc. How much you can spend. How late you need to.

**TRAVEL April.** Unique tips for businessmen. Where to meet. Where to go. Where to eat. The best way to get there. Where to stay. What to do after business is done and it's leisure time.

### FITNESS May

Something for everybody. Guidelines and training tips for swimming, running, hiking, aerobic body building, basketball, racquet sports. Plus, the Ultimate Fitness program.



### TRAVEL October

A unique vacation planner. To take you to the best places at the best time and the best price. Plus... What a new, novel experience and customer service.

### HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

**November.** Offers a dinner for two or a whole lot for the party. Holiday entertaining. Menus of rich gourmet personalities. Take the hassle out of hosting.

### THE ESQUIRE REGISTER

**December.** Our annual salute to extraordinary Americans, all under the age of 40. They are unique, vibrant, they impact on our lives and our future. Chosen by the best editors in America.



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## Politics



**IT'S 5 P.M. DO YOU KNOW WHOSE YOUR PRESIDENT IS?**  
White House aide Michael Deaver said Reagan sometimes naps during Cabinet meetings.



**COMEBACK OF THE YEAR**  
Best: Lance



**ROLLBACK OF THE YEAR**  
Colorado senator Gary Hart, who had claimed to have been born in 1947, admitted last his actual birthdate was in 1924.



**SOMEWHERE UP THERE THE DIOBS ARE RUNNING FOR OFFICE**



**MR. PRESIDENT, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR YOUR NAP?**  
During a radio broadcast, Reagan said, "We fellow Americans...I've signed legislation that will outline Russia's future. We begin talking in five minutes."

**THE TRICKLE-DOWN THEORY IN ACTION**



**HE'S WAITING FOR THE MOVIE**

Asked whether Reagan had read a report on the Lebanese embassy bombing, spokesman Larry Speakes said, "I don't think he's read the report in detail. I also said his full page, double spaced."



**WHO SAYS HEISE DOESN'T LIKE JEWIS?**

Jeane Jackson, at an all-the-rus-and-merry-wish-a-reporter during his presidential campaign, referred to New York City as *Wysenstown*.

**HOT TRUL—HORA EPHROH RICHMONDER**

On the tenth anniversary of Richard Nixon's resignation from the presidency, former Nixon speech writer Benjamin J. Stein wrote a column in the *Washington Post* saying that "everyone has forgotten" what Watergate was all about.

**A GOOD POLITICIAN HAS TO PRESS THE FLESH**  
Former Canadian prime

minister John Turner was criticized for greeting two women by patting them on the backside.

**GREAT STATESMEN NEVER DIE**  
While playing in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament, former President Gerald Ford beamed a woman spectator with a golf ball.

**DETAILS, DETAILS**  
Competing on a televised

news program in Boston, U.S. Senate candidate David Bartley was unable to name the leaders of Syria and Israel and had no idea which side the U.S. was supporting in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

**HOTDI**  
Talking about his book *Jerry Lewis in Person*, Jerry Lewis told *Parade*, "I think I really wanted to write my biography more to be able

to mention that Jack Kennedy and I were friends than anything else."



**KENNY RODGERS? MAY OY**

## Politics



**BITCH ONE OF YOU WITCHES IS THE CANDIDATE?**  
Barbara Bush called Geraldine Ferraro a "44-million—I can't spell it, but a rhymer with rich."



**BLUEST BIKER OF THE YEAR**  
The Reverend Sun Myung Moon began serving an eighteen-month sentence for tax evasion.



**WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?**

Assistant TV newscaster Jim A'Hee left to let "the most talented man in American politics," for once President Richard Nixon, say, "It didn't bother me that much."

**NIXON WAS GROOMING ELVIS FOR PRESIDENT**  
*Elvis Presley* was the subject of a column in the *National Enquirer*.

**AND SPIRO AGNEW FOR VICE PRESIDENT**  
Headline in the *National Enquirer*.



**SHE'D BE BETTER AS JUDITH CHASE**  
Elizabeth Bay auditioned for the role of Ethel in a new play about Robert Kennedy.



**KCH AIN EIN SCHMACK!**

While visiting the Berlin Wall, New York City mayor Ed Koch suddenly shouted at East German soldiers, "I'm here! It's me! It's Mayor Koch! I'm here!"



**BUSH LEAGUER OF THE YEAR**

## NOT SOLD IN ANY STORE!

ITEM	IF YOU BUY IT AT THE HARDWARE STORE:	IF YOU OWN IT THROUGH THE PENTAGON:
Circuit breaker	\$3.64	\$2,543.00
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Plastic stool-leg cover	.22	\$1,118.00





## The Sexes



**CHARLES SWEET LAND**  
SLURPS THROUGH IT LIKE A  
BABY

One of Princess Diana's servants revealed that when the Princess wants to relax, she puts on an album by Culture Club. "wears a very sexy leotard" snatches on the stereo, and just lets her rip."

### OH, SHUT UP

Alma Stewart announced that her five-year marriage to rock star and noted womanizer Rod Stewart was over. Said Alma: "It had to go. I was not with a selfish, narcissistic young man. I don't think I've lost anything."



**QUE BALL OF THE YEAR**  
Sydney Hiddle (Bianca) arrested by New York police for allegedly running a high-speed call-girl ring, paroled out to be a descendant of two prisoners on the *Mayflower*.

### THE NEW AMERICAN MALE IS ALIVE AND WELL...

Richard Hunter of *Real Men Real Women*, New York, was arrested for breaking into women's homes to tickle their feet and steal their shoes. Said a detective: "If he saw some girl who he thought had nice feet, he would go to her house."

**...AND LIVING IN DUBLINO, IOWA...**  
Clarence Duffy of De-

### ...AND JERRY MATHERS AS THE BEAVER



Hookers in made-for-TV movies were played by Loni Anderson, Debra Bayne, Fawcett Simon, Barbara Cerrone, Meredith Baxter, and Cybill Shepherd.



### DON COULPE

Elizabeth Taylor and Lord Lucan have been frequently spotted together. "Loni is a friend, but he's not specifically a date," said a spokesperson for Taylor. "She met him through John Warner, and then through Henry Kissinger."

baque Iowa, resigned from the Rural Woman Rights Commission after winning slow mail delivery on "all those stupid traps we have working in the Post Office now."

### ...THROUGH NOW AND THEN HE STRAYS INTO CANADA

A Quebec man was arrested for stealing 143 billion off-clothesline in Canadian cities since

1976. A police official said the thief stole the clothing suits "to go back to women who didn't pay enough attention to him."

### ONE INFLATABLE PULITZER PRIZE, NINE BATTERIES, 70-

Postbox publisher Bob Guccione, who has a series of nude photos of themselves America's *Variety* Williams in his magazine. Said Guccione: "It was the



### OH, WALTER, YOU BITCH

Walter Cronkite's wife, Betty, and her husband Hans "dirt looking" girls who look like they just got out of bed. He likes Melina Mercouri.

### AN UNWISDOM

Construction worker Henry Jones, 80, of Jackson, Tennessee, died for an unrelated after discovering he had a brain aneurysm.

### DO WE HEAR WEDDING BELLS?

Phoebe Cates confronted Bruce Armstrong, Brooke Adams, and Annette Bening in the TV miniseries *Lone and Naked*. All right, which one of you babies is the mother?



only thing I could do. It's the hottest sociopolitical news story in a decade."



GERRY FERNAND? NICE TRY

NEW FROM ESQUIRE

# THE ANSWER TO AGING

for every man who wants to maximize his appearance...his health and fitness...his sexuality...his life expectancy

Ageing. It's inevitable. But there is an "answer"—a response to growing older that lets you make the most of what you have, whatever your age. **HOW A MAN AGES** Growing Older: What to Expect and What You Can Do About It. By Cyril Fikson and Sir Ewan of Esquire.

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An invaluable 200-page volume, this is a permanent hard-cover reference you'll turn to for a lifetime of accurate information on the aging process.

### Practical Specifics for Extending and Enhancing Your Life

Not only will you be forewarned of changes to expect, you'll also learn what you can do about them! For example, you'll find all the information you need to:

- Train your body to take in five easy steps • Learn an exercise designed to maintain healthy lungs • Exercise your eyes to prevent their decline • Condition your skin to look more youthful • Protect your ears against

hearing loss • Brash your teeth with a plaque-control routine you can make at home • Ensure a supple body by following a fast and simple exercise routine • Do the three random mobility routines—recommended for total fitness • Determine which new fitness routines are valid—and which are simply fads • PLUS you'll find dozens of easy-to-follow Maintenance, Health and Exercise Charts.

What men want to know... what men need to know... With aging comes questions. About health. About appearance. About longevity. The answers to these questions can be interesting, illuminating... and even crucial to your future. • **Play it safe**—discover *one of the worst*

things you can do to your skin!

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- What vitamins are particularly important in maintaining healthy vision?
- What is man's most powerful sex organ?
- Is there really a diet for a longer life?

There's a Bright New Future Before You in **HOW A MAN AGES**. Turns to Examine

Older men, while you're reading this ad, is the time to prepare for your future. Because a modern medicine extends man's life expectancy, you owe it to yourself to live up to the creative possibilities that come your way. **HOW A MAN AGES** puts the potential for a brighter future in your hands! If you do not believe that it can live up to its promise of helping you enjoy a fuller, more active life, simply return your copy for a complete refund.



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## Science



### WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEAR'S EVE?

Myford professor Leonard S. Taylor created a provocative antenna that forces operators into attacking themselves.



### THEY ALSO TEND TO MOVE, JACK

Creator Jack Donaghy admitted that the coral amulet on display at the Houston Zoo was made of rubber. And Donaghy: "We have had live snakes in the exhibit, but they don't do well—they tend to die."

### SORRY, THE MARCH MOTEL IS BOOKED. YOU MIGHT TRY THE WALDORE-MICHIGOO

Chemists doing research in the laboratories at the University produced a synthetic cocaine-like substance for the first time. Said Associate Professor Stuart L. Schreiber: "It was a flash of genius."

### WORST NEW FLAVOR

Dr. Shuh-A Sheen of the University of Kentucky extracted a protein from tobacco that can be fluffed into a low-calorie substitute for marijuana or whipped cream.

### WHICH IS STILL A LOT BASED ON THE CAPS THAN JULIO IGLESIAS

The British government reported that leading-edge squaring by pigs succeeds



### IT'S A TREAT TO MEAT YOUR FEET WHEN ENLIGHTENED ELITE

Thousands of residents of southern California began attending seminars to learn how to walk backward over live coals.

the darkest level reached by a chain saw.

### NO GANG BY YOUR SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE

An engineer in Sherrard, China, invented a bike that serves as a desk, sofa, bicycle, and wheelchair.

### IN DESPERATE SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE

Dwight Stuart, head of Carrusson's pet food division, said he and his fellow

executives test the taste of cat food at company meetings. Said Stuart: "We get very close to the product."

### THE HUMBLER HUMBLER IS CONNECTED TO THE ULTRALUXA. THE ULTRALUXA IS CONNECTED TO THE RABBIT RABBIT

California office worker Sally Carter was awarded \$3,500 in compensation for damage done to her men, back, and spine as a

### MON DIEU! CE JANVIER C'EST MAGNIFIQUE!

A Toronto firm began marketing Presto-Wipe, a purple powder containing roses and lavender that turns into wine after sugar and water are added and it's left to sit for a month.

### BEST WHEN SAUTÉED OVER A LIGHT FLAME, GARNISHED WITH A PURÉE OF TURNIPS, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A FULL-BODIED RED

Fannie Glass of Linger! Magazine, said she gave up the folk practice of using dirt after her husband said it was a bad habit. "That makes your mouth taste like mud," Glass said. "I just always tried to get to eat—I wish I had some dirt right now."



### THE SAD TRUTH IS THAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO CONSOLE HIMSELF

Dr. John Bingham was disappointed by the New York Board of Records for performing his duties and private opinion that their becoming blind.

result of spending several hours a day over a photocopying machine.



### GENE SHALIT? NOT CLOSE

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# The Statesman of Survival

George Kennan developed our Cold War policy nearly forty years ago.

Now he thinks the Russians are a frightened bureaucracy, and he's calling for an end to missiles

# No,

HE DID NOT INVENT THE COLD WAR, though he gave a name—and intellectual teeth—to the policy designed for vigilance. Containment, it was called. Nor is he a pessimist, though he insists that the Soviets possess and want us to scrap at least half our nuclear weapons. Rather, he is a man convinced that the cards are being stacked consciously for a nuclear war unless we radically change the way we think about defense. He holds no government office, wields no political power, and meets no payroll. But he is respected throughout the world as a man of reason and integrity. He is a witness to historical events that shaped our world, an actor in their drama, and now an eloquent crusader engaged in the most important struggle of his life.

by Ronald Steel

Mr. Kennan is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He is also a member of the National Academy of Medicine.









# THE BUSINESS CLASS HAS BIG PLANS.



© Chris Burch

To talk to this young banker now, you'd hardly guess he once sported a ponytail and worked as a master carpenter.

Chris Burch is still putting things together. However, these days it's multi-million dollar deals to finance office buildings, luxury townhouses, and stock issues.

At 29, he's chief financial officer of United Savings Bank outside Washington, D.C. Thanks in part to his creative management, this once sleepy bank is now doubling in size every 18 months.

Chris Burch considers *FORTUNE* required reading. And his "ever since I got into the mainstream of business."

In each issue, he knows he'll find timely, practical information he can put to work. "I usually turn to the Money & Markets section to see if I can take any lessons from it."

This member of the Business Class also likes the way we dig into the news. "You're never going to find out what really happened behind the scenes, unless you can sit down and talk to the key players. Or have a source like Foreman."

There's another reason why Chris Burch finds *FORTUNE* rewarding. It's our personal investing coverage. "You see, even though Chris Burch has big plans for his bank, he has even bigger plans for Chris Burch. Like some day taking around the Caribbean in his own 60-foot yacht."

For this business drop-in, *FORTUNE* repeatedly finds important news and turns it into quality information.

We make the effort the Business Class requires.

REQUIRED READING FOR THE BUSINESS CLASS.

**FORTUNE**

ESSAY

## An appreciation of the characters who write the characters on *Hill Street Blues* **Television's Real A-Team** by David Freeman

*"Seems like they hit you everywhere you turn these days, don't it? Accept this...accept that...cope with this...deal with that... understand where he's coming from...identify with his situation...I swear. I don't know anymore. It's just words, man... smoke and words."*

-RENKO

WICK, isn't it? FROM AN ABBOTT-KADANT French novel? Maybe a tiny, academically acceptable all-Broadway play? Sorry, but it's from the heart of commercial television. I sometimes think that in our country we only honor movies with writing on the bottom of the screen or novels that. The New York Times tells us are good or television shows in which all the characters drink a lot of tea. The last thing Americans seem ready to accept is art from the wrong places.

DAVID FREEMAN is the author of the recently published *The Last Days of Alfred Hitchcock*.



*Mal Stew* often is precisely about the lives of the cops in a particular area and around the Hill—a mostly black ghetto in a big, unnamed American city. There are more than fifteen fully drawn, breathing, swearing, fascinating, and funny regular characters, as well as scores of anonymous, laconic, bureaucratic, and glibsters who come in and out of the life on the Hill. The show has a documentary look, open-ended scripts, and an obsession with showing and living in credible situations. Everything seems crowded, starting with the lives of the characters. The rapid pace, peppered with cops, thugs, civic leaders, and angry citizens, is an apt caricature for the ghetto it serves. David Mich, the *Mal Stew* writer who has narrated the most on the show's meaning and its techniques, says, "Mal Stew II often came along when there were rising expectations in the lower middle class, then the country couldn't make good on that implicit promise. That left a lot of people hungry for some sense of struggle. We try to provide that. That's what was new—draw people that transition, as the middle class of desire. The ideal cop show—that, of course, never is."

Now in its fifth season, *Mal Stew* often has had some celebrated ups and downs. It's a hit for NBC and MTV. Sometimes, but it's been plagued by week-end-audience show immediately preceding it on the air, and in its first season it aired on five different nights. Last season the network insisted on at least one story line that might have been more at home on the latest daytime newscasts. It was about genitalia, an expensive car got jam there over my discuss (more), and a secret videotape. It was not *Mal Stew*'s finest hour. But in five seasons, the show has been nominated for seven Emmys. Ratings and has won twenty-five. *Mal Stew* is a carry on TV and certainly caused at NBC—a program so popular with the critics that one voice it had replaced *Protest* as the favorite topic of New York literary cocktail chat.

The show is written by a collective: the scriptwriters under the leadership of the executive producer. They turn out one show a week, twelve two a season. And though some of the shows are written more by one person than another, the scripts are usually the result of a team effort by all the writers. There have been other writers on this show, and the current recruits of the show are not the originalists, but they have maintained *Mal Stew*'s demanding pace and quality. They are: Roger Shinkler, thirty-five; Mark Bess, thirty-one; Karen Bell, twenty-eight; Jeff Lewis, thirty; and David Mich, thirty-nine. The executive producer is Steven Bochco, forty-two, who with Michael Kausel conceived and created the show. Their partnership, reinforced by Bochco's ability to maneuver through the network thickets, provides the *Mal Stew*



**David Mich**  
Once a Yale creative writing teacher—and a graduate of Robert Penn Warren—he has developed a taste for "moralistic, preachy, indelicate, and the occasional random wicker."

**Mark Bess**  
He got his M.A. in English from the University of California at Berkeley. He has been working as a writer for the past five years. He is currently working on a screenplay for the movie "The Last of the Mohicans."

**Jeff Lewis**  
The former Madison D.A. has been involved in a whole new era of radical political activism. On the Hill, he is the voice of the law.

**Karen Bell**  
The usually talkative girl of Karen's not just, "said one *Mal Stew* colleague. "My presence encourages them," says Bell. "I feel like I've just spent about six years in a locker room."

**Steven Bochco**  
The usually talkative, he tells us the story that he is the Captain. Perhaps of the writing staff. "I'm the boss," he says, "but really I'm the referee."

**Roger Shinkler**  
The writer's name for a Hollywood scriptwriter, the Harvard graduate has gone from Princeton to support to the show's second line of the show. Around the writer center they call him Rocky.

writers with an extraordinary amount of freedom. Kausel left after the second season to pursue a feature-film career. Writer-producer Anthony Terkessich departed after the third season and has since gone on to create a new cop series, *Miami Vice*. Michael Wagner, for two and a half years a key *Mal Stew* writer, made his exit this year's season. Bochco, the boss of bosses, reviews and signs the operation, and the writers see him in a heroic figure. Says David Mich, who on the basis of middle age found a second career in an Emmy Award-winning TV writer: "Bochco has allowed me to gain access to my imagination."

Bochco is a combination of poet and historian that only Hollywood could produce. He survived the cutthroat, computerized studio system at Universal for twelve years, writing a series of cop shows, including *The Name of the Game*, *Columns*, and *Mitchell* and *Wife*. *Mal Stew* is clearly his escape, his triumph, and a formidable ongoing challenge.

Bochco coordinates the writing staff in his office, assembly furnished with notes at Studio Center in Studio City, the old Republic Pictures for whom John Wayne shot *The Sands of Iwo Jima*. Bochco announces the creative nature of the work, saying, "In the boss, but really I'm the referee. You can't impose a story on a sensibility. It has to be understood or agreed to by the creative or it just won't work. If all the writers don't really deep down live it and breathe it, then you have no sense and I think, inevitably, no script worth reading." Bochco keeps a cheat in his office with the real tools of the writer's trade: two basketballs, a football, a White Bull, and five bats. The group has been known to shoot basketballs on the set until the noise stops. Or, as Jeff Lewis says, "We usually talk about girls if Karen's not there." Karen, on the other hand, says, "My presence just encourages them. I feel like I've just spent about six years in a locker room."

Once a *Mal Stew* writer's season is on track, Jeff Lewis is the voice of the law. Lewis is to fact a lawyer, a graduate of Harvard Law School and a former assistant district attorney for New York County (District 12). Lewis came to Hollywood at thirty-six with some serious bridges burned and no new ones in sight. After founding for a year, he wrote an over-the-telephone letter to Bochco showing him some snippets of his script work and suggesting he could bring a certain legal expertise to the show. Bochco, who seems to have twenty-twenty vision when he's looking at talent, hired him. Lewis suffered in a series of highly sophisticated scripts and an assortment of very bad lawyers and judges. He was soon comprehending reality of the show.

It was Lewis who persuaded David Mich to come west and pitch a story to



for the way we all feel about ourselves—tired, tired, lusting the world together with the glue of our own put upon, over-worked personalities. And that's why he's a hero—because he doesn't act like Achilles or John Wayne. We can identify with him even if we're not pre-meat captains. His humanity is ours, or so we would like to think as we foster ourselves in our secret hearts that we too are trying to swell the absurd

"Gays represent as I am of the national reluctance to part with one's vital organs: one is extremely over-the-top. I might point out that you're not donating a part of your body to keep a stranger alive; he or she is donating everything else to keep a part of you alive." —*Entertainment Weekly*

Michael Guard, who played Sergeant Phil Esterhaus, the venerated rail-road officer with the strangely baroque sense of language, died of cancer in 1983. Esterhaus was a character who could say something like "Come on, let's interbreed" to a group of angry citizens, and do it with a smile that seemed to admit: "I know it's silly, but it's fun to say." Jeff Levens says of the character, "Nothing could blow that guy away. He gave everyone something to play off. He was the baldest, the center-

The run-call device—the spawning of each show, in which duties are assigned, news given, advance offered—gives Kautzman his chance to glow, to philosophize, and of course to warn everyone “to be very careful out there.” The call also serves up the pit possibilities for the hour to come. “It’s like a menu,” says David Mich. “There’s a list of possibilities and you pick a line. It helps to know that what you’re seeing is only part of what you might.”

Conrad's death was written into the show. It was reported that Benjamin the tortoise died in bed with his lover, a wonderful, sexy, Karpishk descendant named Grace Gardner. 'We were making love when he died!' Grace told Flunko. 'His great brave heart... exploded... He was a beautiful, simple, honorable man and I wanted to spend old with him.'

Watching Conrad from week to week as he lost weight and his skin began to hang around his neck, you knew that it wasn't a diet that was winning him. You couldn't help but feel that he wasn't just an actor up there, but a man, a cop, a lover, and a friend as well. The show of which his death was absorbed and reflected upon was surely about the writers' feeling for Conrad!

**Debbie:** *Edwin was the law up here. And now that he's dead... I don't know. I'm scared. I feel like everything's going to unravel.*

This assigns the actor Robert Forster plays a new toll-call officer, Sergeant Stanislaus Jablonski. Unlike *Enterferno*, *Jabbs* takes a direct view of life and police work.

**The Professor**  
**David Milch**  
August 2011

*Source:* Yale University, Class of 1946 (Ph. Beta Kappa); M.F.A. from Iowa Writers' Workshop (1950); worked with R.P.B. on *The American Project*.

POPE JOHN'S MILE IN FLYING CARS, 1975. The fourth issue, a brilliant anthropological survey that took him the Chaucery, Domesday, Tithe Map for England, assessment in England over four years. Then, one night, Mikh went out with a shotgun and started shooting away at the twinkling lights of a police car. "I was loaded trapping, and took a peek. He screamed, 'Not at that! I got out out of the school.' Mikh became a human wave in his early twenties and spent time in a Moscow jail. More recently, he got disenchanted with his "humanity" friends, colleagues, and the occasional window cleaner. When doctored Mikh leaves the Corbitt and comes back to

This is the same man who taught creative writing at Yale between 1969 and 1982, published poetry in literary journals, was a protégé of Robert Penn Warren, in his last years as a *Nathaniel* writer. Much was an *Envy Award* for his first novel, "Told by Mary," from James Laughlin. It is the irony that there is, that readers at large, his colleagues

What he may be an outlier, he is, obviously, a father and husband, and more likely, as we've seen, one who cares that about it, them.

**The Journalist**  
**Roger Director**  
April 2005

**Credit:** Based on an article for the New York Daily News, written by author for the New York Daily News, published in the New York Daily News, published in the New York Daily News, published in the New York Daily News.

[illegible]

He hasn't lost confidence, expecting "to search by back and forth time." "I know where the show was carried after five episodes, the latest haven't being called up to TV's major leagues as a writer for *Nut Street*. Around the audience offices and water cooler at MTN they all love Rocky. None of this explains how a self-chosen Harvard graduate with an M.A. in English literature from Columbia is able to commute with the secret police on the 101. I guess I have a personal concern, or maybe it's not.

New Year's Eve is full of some experience with city immigrants too, and there's me and some mothers," explains Escobar, a slightly disoriented girl coming out of her zone. "I try to go through the experience on the show. I'm like, *What should I do?* I'm a frustrated 14-year-old girl. We try to add music to characters." Apparently, Escobar is a character herself. Her only job, Escobar, a writer for the Los Angeles *World Journal* reports, "Escobar's own story is told in songs and her's is written to herself, and I know, I'm not with me but with Frank and love in the capital zone."<sup>2</sup>

Trying to sing a rumor, during his first call out Jabbo insisted "Stash Jabbo's never colonchod no women. Instead of Esterhazy's blouse. Let's be careful out there." Jabbo signs off with "Let's get out there and do it to them before they do it to us."

Most action or cop shows on American television seem to have some part for blacks for minority representation. If a bad guy is black, you can bet the next black guy will be a nuclear physicist. If a blond bomb roams through, we'll soon be subjected to several explosions. *Will Street* is one of the few places where blacks are portrayed with grace, diversity, and with no apparent scorn. In its treatment of women, the show is possibly unique. There are three women who are real people. Joyce Donaghy (Vivian Hunter), the public defender and once Purple Heart candidate,

know, use his wife, as the paradigmatic Eighties woman: a fine, dedicated lawyer who is tough, smart, sexy, and straight. Play Panto (Barbara Herscov), Frank's ex-wife, is usually on the edge of hysteria when she's near her ex-husband. You just know she's a better person when Frank's away from home.

not arrogant, but she keeps coming back for more. Hey is the definition of a well-written, well-acted character: you're certain you know what she's like when she's not on screen. Lucy Bates (Dietzy Thumash), the only woman patrol sergeant, has to get along with lots of rowdy men. She's smart, but not brilliant and certainly not able to articulate the complex problems the force

The underlying assumption that these

writing, leading to characters like Joyce, Fay, and Lucy are postlemonist. These women have lives outside their romances and marriages, but that doesn't mean they don't want men. Of course they do the same way men want them. The characters really talk about loveless. I don't think the *Midwest* staff thinks about it, it just comes out.

**Ferrile:** This is the kind of crime that haunts the city again. It brings out what a savage a thousands of people. It has to be dealt with quickly.

**Davenport:** So the book goes and the trouble?

**Ferrile:** I went by the book. I pushed a little hard on the badness.

There have been many memorable *Will & Grace* episodes, but the best one, arguably, is "Tied by Fate," written by Mich. The script is packed with incident and character. There's a big melodrama—a car ripped and mangled—that leads to a quieter personal drama. Farrell and Devendorf's romance coming apart because of differing legal principles. It has jokes and it has drama, and for a while



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**IN LIFE** In 1984 George Orwell looked ahead to a nightmarish future. Now, just when 1984 is finally behind us, come the sleepless nights of...

# 2020

BY TOM WOLFE

## A.D.

**A**long with being a star, it was a clear shot down in April, and the film *Remains* was striking out. Wisconsin County-folkers burned out of Kenney Nath Turner and landed for the first of the glass over the door. It rained, as always, and in that matter he thought of the new girl, Julia. Just why, he couldn't imagine. He didn't even know why the ending glimmered like a star. It had something to do with the Tennessee "Pinky" title. He glanced this way and that, panicked by the thought that someone on the sidewalk might have noticed him looking to himself.

Wilson was thirty-one years old. He was pale, thin, and stooped, and his hair stuck out in unfortunate waves from under his bowler. People took him to be fifty at least. He had always been frail. In school he had acquired the nickname X ray. He remembers old schoolmates a fraction of time, as one does in London, and they still sang out, "Blick, X ray!" He wondered if they knew how much he hated them for it.

He walked along Gloucester Crescent in his bowler hat, snarled coat, checked pants, and garter-top boots as fast as dignity would allow. Sheer against the Tower was bulldozed up a hairbrush at every stride. The

**D.** Thawnees were supposed to be such inspired builders—*wasn't* they? Oh, absolutely! But the details! The lockets, the nielwork, the doortings, the glazing—the glazing—that *wasn't*! The workmanship was atrocious, pathetic, as inept, as inept, as inept in each—

in salt on itself by the time he reached Carbon: Road. Winston's anger had degenerated and begun to dribble into the general stomp of his exhaustion. He had barely slept all night, and he couldn't blame the Tennessean. The fact was...but he preferred to delay, for an other hour or so, the need to confront the fact that today was Red Dragon Day and that soon thousands of hideous soldiers would be made Twentieth Century City, laughing, swaggering, grinning, shouting, and strutting their horrible small attachments at the device of his dead father.

Who really armed them? "No one," Winslow said, and he glanced about to see if anyone had overheard him. It was his own father, St. John Crust Swathers, the Man About to Be Married, who had coined the term "redskins." It was St. John's last victory at his lifelong battle against the Yanks. The Yanks had been the first to



Tom Waits's haunting coverage of pop culture began in *Esquire* in 1972 with "The Newly Hired Temporarily Frigid Dismalizing Sisyph," a cascade of images that

detached California  
Southwest with  
subtropical sky. Over  
the years, Wright has  
written, signed and  
contributed to the  
1990 publication,  
art history, the  
American space  
program, modern  
architecture and New  
York City politics,  
creating a body of  
work increasingly  
responsible for the  
range, variety, and  
use of the book and  
article. Wright has  
lived alone...

"Singles' show." "The Mr.  
Deeds." "The right  
show—that says good  
for all elements our  
show. In the new world  
here. World offers  
offer the same—  
"Young," "Young."  
"Viva," "Wine."  
"Hymn," "And"  
"Hymn," "And."

"Therapeutic"—from a futurist that Wells says "guarantees the maintenance" of life and having "all our various war, will undoubtedly come to pass." Like the *Warfare* novel on which it is based, "What a War" envisions a world governed by "bigger" high-tech machines and weapons.

simply remarkable  
systems. And like his  
father, he thought  
Polish and Hungarian  
Wrights noble,  
devoted and kind.  
Dapper Dan in the end  
revealed himself as  
product of  
mechanical impulses  
personally repressed in  
such a better, more

## THE YANKS AIMED VIDCAMS

of anything that *wasn't*. Winston's dad had named the two little "viddies" and the costumed Englishmen "viddin' humpers." And here they were, Carrubee Streeters, Brummels, bobbies, catering to a fantasy



and Nineteenth Century American or the Nineteenth Century Guy. The British colony—which produced nothing—was, indeed, not at all of all Europe.... Oh, yes. But at what a cost! Three-quarters of the population now lived in squalor—such as these poor souls, the middle burghers with whom he shared the gaze.

Winston could vaguely remember when the term "working class" had been used with something approaching pride. Now it was synonymous with "unemployed." The working class were the veterans of the Sino, who had all been presumed off long ago. Poor old working classes could occasionally be seen, in this day, dodging out of the dense & filthy bus. Everywhere else was in squalor, a devoted earnest of the ridges. What sort of a society was this if everybody who wanted a decent job had to go to the Bazaar Schools for Tourism—which had miraculously been called the Bazaar Schools—refugees (the name of dignified society for which the British servant class had been noted at the height of the Empire? Winston had to take the course himself, and he always ended in it as an embarrassing experience. Why hadn't he been honest with himself, an honest as John? In a serious meeting last week he had proposed that a silt basin be built, a lot of silt and the legend industry were broken to place along each of the canyon cliffs.

The Q&A came lumbering in, and Winston instinctively held his breath to avoid the fumes. He could feel the hot porter heaving up behind him. The queue was dragging into the day, developer, and soon Winston was standing in the aisle, looking on to the overhead and life was sandwiched in between the man in the hall porter uniform and a great strapping blond power in a scarlet coat who was chatting up a cherry blonde girl who was strawberry hair and long black hair eyes, wearing a miniskirt and white boots of an old American synthetic material called vinyl? This was the uniform of the universities at Thunwald Century City. The cruder boy asked every sentence with the American expression "an all-star." The girl seemed to regard this as perfectly a lie. No, she would go along fine with the nudes in Twentieth Century City. She might very well be on duty in the museum where the Red Line. She would take place in a few hours. And it would mean nothing to her one way or the other, while the very thought of it made Winston's heart race.

The double-decker loomed along. Every time it stopped or slowed, it was hindered or blocked, as if it were faintly sighted that the vehicle found so charming, as "British" Winston couldn't see out without bending over, but he knew the scenery by heart. Most of the major buildings had been built within the past

twenty years—and made to look as if they were two hundred years old. The "modern" buildings Weston had grown up with, buildings of concrete, aluminum, and glass, with flat roofs as in decoration, had been razed. The Modern architects who had been so well known back then—Stor-

"Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Atmosphere" like. Such was this for the despoiling Portland Place with the windows that appeared out of their walls. Winston had been part of the storm of civil servants humping into the Ministry of the Nineteenth Century. His office on the third floor had a gloomy view of the side street. The furniture was not even of the correct period. His desk chair was a Hugginsville model, originally made for the Ministry division but then rejected by Regency as a "period straddle." When Winston observed that, he was told that the Late Victorian was an eclectic period and that, in any case, he could take it or leave it.

Winston tried to busy himself with the pile of letters, petitions, and project proposals on his desk. No one interrupted him. No one so much as touch his hand as the door. His watch stopped. On Red Danger Day it was as if the scene redoubled. His co-workers averted their eyes. They all knew very well that he had had nothing to do with his father's political career for him. The most recent period of Winston's life was his father's. He had never been in his home, and began to understand how other people looked at his father. By then St. John Groat-Switzer was no longer clearly referred to as the Red Dying Hand, one of the great shakers, but as a madman, mad, and the embarrassment had made Winston feel guilty. One part of him had desperately wanted to defend his father against the attacks. Another part of him argued that father as a madman. If Winston refused to defend his father, he would look bad. But if he did defend his father, he would look worse—or so he thought. He would look like a second-generation and deeper fool.

"Red danger today" was one of the epithets used by Winston's father, St. John, and indeed, now of the old-fashioned leftists at the close of the twentieth century were the offspring of men and women who had entered into a love affair with socialism at Oxford and Cambridge back in the 1830s. St. John had been fed in the house of his parents, Basil and Beatrice Groat-Switzer. They had put the red danger on him. But St. John had never managed to put it in Winston. Winston had found his father in his own way, but also an extraordinary figure, a kind man who was longer making of someone. His mother's anxiety regarded Red politics as a skull-crushing loss, although she never had the courage to say it. Winston regarded it as a consolation, but he never said so either. By the year 2000, when he was seventeen, Winston was one of those young men who even faintly thought he would excuse himself and leave the room.

No, Winston's allow father-in-law in Domestic Interiors avoided him today as because he came forward the crazy

Grant-Switzer's ideas, but merely because he bore the name. That damnable, pompous name! The name was what had attracted the father in the first place. The father couldn't resist it. Not only was Grant-Switzer a double-barreled name, but St. John was pronounced "Janet." The Yanks loved it. They jumped up and down. "Stor!" So they had topped St. John Groat-Switzer for the honor of being mocked on Red Danger Day. Winston stared at a speech report on Victorian man parties, and the words dripped by like particles of dust at the air. All at once he was aware of a figure in the doorway. He looked up. It was his father. He was looking straight at him. His face was lined by long dark hair and the trademark of his black sweater. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Mr. Grant-Switzer."

Winston was speechless in life could feel himself slapping, and he wondered if it showed. It was all he could do to not and not to do a desperate smile. The girl walked on toward her desk.

Perhaps she was merely saying good morning. On the other hand, she had never done so before, and surely she was aware that this was that day. Winston walked a few minutes, then walked to his father's study. His father was seated in his chair, looking straight at him. She was smiling. Her arms crossed

to ask a question. Winston withdrew to his office immediately, hating himself for his lack of courage.

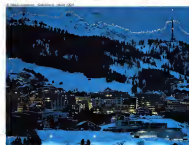
JUSTICE BEFORE WAS WRITTEN LEFT THE building without a word to anyone and walked the eight blocks to Twentieth Century City. There was no reason whatever why he should attend. Yet each year he went to see it. He wanted trying to figure out why.

Twentieth Century City had been designed by Britain's most famous and highly honored architect, Gaudin Terry himself, and built by a Singapore Vill, in the style of Chambers's Somerset House. But underneath the Portland drive and pediment, where columns, windows, and arches beamed, old Terry had substituted "an inner reflection," as it was called, a sixty-foot high midtown of the facade of that much admired example of the twentieth century's modern, or glass-box architecture, the Seagram Building in New York. In old Terry's scheme the glass-box facade served as both a daylight for the lobby of Twentieth Century City and a herald of the future and coming industrial world.

Most of visitors were peering in. Winston aligned in with them, thankful that no one in Twentieth Century was likely to know his father. Twentieth Century City had been one of the Disney peak's afterthoughts. It had been a joint bid with the

vision from the beginning. Today, in 2000, people looked upon the twentieth century as one of the truly antic and stupefying scene done in the history of man, comparable to the fourth century A.D. in Europe or the third century A.C. in China, a time of such confusion, luxury, misery, and appalling ignorance that nobody under the age of twenty could even imagine ending it.

It was the appearance the visitors found on it. Made them feel so superior. That was why they loved Thunwald. In the twentieth century, people had sufficed the air they breathed, the water they drank, the earth from which their food came, the places where they ate and such an astonishing array of passions—well, the sheer stupidity of it made the seventeenth century's ignorance of hygiene seem positively harmless. Just off the main lobby Winston could see hundreds of visitors in the column seats around Thunwald. With Disney Enterprises advertised Thunwald as "educational" and "entertaining." God knew the visitors found it entertaining. Thunwald was a marvelous environment and a glass ball forty feet high and fifty yards across. Beyond the glass was a highly realistic globe of an continent, a tropical island, a desert, and a mountain range with rivers and streams. Any form of weather could be produced inside the ball, rain,



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snow, street, air, clouds, fog, night, day, an artist's dream. May babies, wherever. The Latin American surrealists who inspired Thawston could introduce the far-out themes that people pumped into their consciousness in the twentieth century. The visions were given different colors to see that the vidies could observe their contentment and see how they agonized in, card, winter, and the human body. Latin legends were tubular like, hydrocarbon were magma, carbon monoxide was pale yellow, and sulfur dioxide was a pinkish color. When it was the evening rush hour on a busy day in the Thawston metropolis, the colors would reach the stadium, so that the vidies would start laughing. It was the colossal ignorance of the drivers, the pedestrians, and the apartment dwellers that got them.

With their misperceptions affected, the vidies could look at any of several thousand dimes in close-up—men, women, children, top dogs, bottom dogs, the lot. The dime was the greatest invention of computer technology in the twenty-first century. Disney Laboratories had come up with a way to describe a real world, a real museum, a real music, and a real vision of polydimensional, known mostly by its brand name, Dimes. Thus the dime came close to falling like the old microcomputer's dream, the business Dimes could be programmed to live a tremendous life, albeit within a small envelope of stank. To call their responses "thought" was communicating things casually, but the dime's capacity to do the incredible deflated the vidies' egos. During the Fast Time video, in which a dime's entire life would go by in an hour, the vidies could use the vidies' dimensions of their misperceptions to select to see the forms going to work on a dime's liver, lungs, stomach, brain, blood vessels, and bones. The vidies laughed uncontrollably as the poisoned dime's doctor, attended by young dime doctors who were gulping toward the gross themselves, every bit as involuntarily as their parents, looked with the same ones.

The stupidity? The stupidity? How strong and fortunate it made the vidies live! As Winston walked through the great slight light, leading for the main amphitheater, vidies went up to him and into Art World. Winston could hear them laughing, sniffling, and crying just behind. As a mouse as he felt, Winston had to smile. He had been chosen Art World stage news, but it remained a very funny thing. Everyone's favorite section was the Art World section. Art historians from all over the world brought their students here and entertained them by reading about the completely serious theories that art students of the twentieth century had concocted in behalf of two unimportant artists. The plays by Picasso called *Les Femmes* and

*Allegory* and *Guernica*. Even as late as 1980 the town of Picasso had declined itself. Today a large Picasso still exhibited in thousand in twenty thousand neighborhoods, because Picasso was such a historical curiosity—but the very thought of the supposed annoyed Winston, since a

## TODAY, IN THE YEAR 2020, PEOPLE LOOKED UPON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AS ONE OF THE TRULY ANTI- AND STUPEFYING NOSE DIVES IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, COMPARABLE TO FOURTH- CENTURY EUROPE.

responded was nothing more than a delirium in British costume for the benefit of the vidies.

The vidies had filled the main amphitheater by the time Winston arrived. From the stinks and barks of laughter he could tell that the boxing had begun. Winston showed his jaw, a crinkled line only to stand near to the dark in the rear of the topmost tier, but that was fine. He needed to look down on it all, down the dark slope of the amphitheater to the silhouettes at the screaming vidies with their vidies heads their skulls, to the figure of his father on the stage far below.

And there he was. The dime of St. John Cruz-Switzer stood alone on a semi-circular stage under the spotlights. No misperceptions telecast was required to see the dime in high relief.

His father had been a big case. Down there on the stage he looked gigantic. He was dressed as Winston had so often seen him. Everything Winston's father wore, except his socks, was custom-made. He played violin in the New Orleans Dixie and Sinfonia Row had to offer.

The fact that the dime looked so much like his father had never bothered Winston for a moment. The dime was not his father, not even with all its apparent misperceptions. The dime's voice rang clear in St. John's with the highest fidelity.

Disney Labs had programmed it from videotapes of old Cruz-Switzer's measureless (but shrewd) and lectures. The dime had St. John's great red face and his dancing gipsy dance (but carried out in black) and coming in a most little row of twentieth-century English children's carols a half-inch above the short collar in the vest. The dime danced back and forth across the stage, cheerfully, in precisely the manner of a nervous old man with very long hair. The dime's stink stank behind the lecture—another of St. John's misperceptions on the platform.

A burst of laughter died down. An anguished mother's vidie would be in his face to measure the beating. The vidies, having applied for admission to Red Duper Day months in advance, were sent history classes along with their tickets, informing them of the period in which St. John Cruz-Switzer had lived and the subjects the dime was capable of handling, all in keeping with the Disney canon, Education through entertainment. This year's performance was geared to the events of the year 1984. Winston could see the silhouette of a vidie who had not yet moved his vidie from his skull long enough to shout, "If the Sandinistas are the liberators of Central America, why is it they've never held a free election?"

The dime's face listened open. The vidie with the rack-optional look Winston's father had always used as he looked, and the voice said, in full country square bray:

"My dear friend... if your back were against the wall, and the enemy laid his hands about the frames of your home, and your people, would you first order of business be the converting of a pie-biscuit? I should very much hope not."

The vidies burst, a scream, anguished, gasped, and burst their vidies at the dime to record that performance for their VCR machines back home. It was hard to say what attack those as frozen, the generosity of the delivery or the preposterousness of the manner. It delighted them to know that such an answer had been swallowed whole by shocked people when it was uttered in the 1980s, shortly before the Sandinistas had set up the People's Republic of Central America, one of the more aggressive of all countries, comparable to Cambodia and Cuba.

From out of the booth and laughter rose another silhouette, which lowered its vidie on all fours. "You confirm the lack of civil liberties in Turkey, Argentina, and El Salvador. Why don't you condemn the same thing in the Soviet Union? How do you justify a threat?"

Mean boasting and angering. "Condemn" was the dime's word. "Justify?" You like that approach, don't you? And you don't much like to explain it, do you? But why be the dime if I make you just a moment with an explanation? Thank

you so much. It is true that the Soviet Union is an autocracy, and therefore not given to your pleasant little Soviet love meetings."

Groans and aunts along with the wiggers this time. The dime's ability to distinguish the nature of a question—speaking in English—amused the vidies, even though this incident's capacity of the machine was well known.

—But Winston had been told automatically for his entrance before the Soviet Revolution of 1987. Hence he tried to imagine his confusion of current and future. He had a bit of a bit, almost, to expect the Russian people to swallow an authoritarian episode, or whatever one is supposed to take this year, and eliminate all those of those in our interests in just seven decades. But I do apologize. I have no desire to consider with you the spirit of anyone of such evidently poor political passions."

Great stinks of laughter. To try to compare the role of the Russian voice with a liberal regime in Russia or anywhere else struck the vidies as absolutely rich, in light of what was now known about the concentration camps, the racial pogroms, the strangling of all freedoms of expression, travel, and personal integrity. By the early 1980s the dime had become so hot that Westerners, including diplomats and newsmen, began withdrawing com-

pletely. The Marxist rumors went dark, so far as the outside world was concerned. The Soviet Union and China dreamed was against the West in order to break the "imperialist blockades," and for a nuclear holocaust reached the level of panic, but the war never came. By the year 2000 no one any longer used the words Marxist, Moscow, Communist, or socialist.

They spoke only of "the Zone," a contraction of Dead Zone, or "the Zone way." The Zone covered here and there on the globe in great dark apocalypses, like the bruises on a peach. No one knew what went on in the Zone. The Marxist nature of what had once been called the Third World apparently had sunk back into the primordial ooze, while many countries with ties to the West were thriving. Just last year the French anthropologist Claude only had a badly damaged expedition up the Zanguebar coast upon a life called the Maratist living in Stone Age dress and using Stone Age utensils. Maratist seemed to be a corruption of "Marxist."

All at once a vidie was in his first seconds. "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" This sort of thing happened from time to time on Red Duper Day. Some poor dime would become so caught up in the swing of the event, he would scream the vidies' stupidity's passions. This could create an awkward scene in the performance, since the sounds would be outside

the dime's envelope of stink, and it would be incapable of responding.

"Shut up! Shut up! The vidie kept yelling. I won't hear you, and you said this many times that!"

The dime walked to the edge of the stage and pointed out to the back of the audience by the spontaneity of the becoming that the dime had spontaneously analyzed the words.

"Yes," said the dime, "and I'm going to say the same thing next year. It is a free-speech record of pedagogy that when one is contradicted by one's learners, one resorts to rage-brain."

Great applause now and the years. Winston applauded—and for the first time Winston understood the dark side of Red Duper Day. Oh yes, the applause was the technical virtuosity of what the dime had just done, namely, find a good line and slung it at the stage and had a back answer to the level of the human who offered it. But the vidies were applauding something more. Deep down they loved St. John Cruz-Switzer's arrogance. They loved the personality of his arrogance, his answer to an opposing, ventriloquist, things that were unacceptable, things evil and unknown. They loved St. John as an outline with a refined taste for cruelty. They were like the New Bulls Weston remembered from his boyhood days, which who used a scholarly interest in Hitler as a

## If You Think You're Smart About Money Now... Just Wait 'Til the February ESQUIRE!

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[illegible]



PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID MATHIAS; STYLING: JANE ROBERTS; HAIR: MICHAEL; MAKEUP: JANE ROBERTS

## Print to Fit

by Vincent Boucher

*Prints of the city, prints of the country—everywhere you look in spring men's wear, new prints are blossoming. The favorite tropical print short-sleeved shirts are sophisticated, paired along with pastel-toned dress sport jackets, wallpaper-print waistcoats, deeply colored sweaters, and sweaters that range from amazingly primitive prints to bold, pulsating patterns.*

### PRIMITIVE

**An extra-extra primitive** button-down shirt with a busy, chaotic, almost abstract pattern of small, colorful shapes, including a large, stylized, abstract face, is a bold statement. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way.



### WHIMSICAL

**A little offbeat** print is a contrast to the more traditional, subtle prints. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way. It's a print that's been seen in the past, but it's back in a big way.









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Serve Crown Royal and turn a simple party into a royal ball. Add water 1½ cups per 1½ cups of water.  
Next 1½ cups, is a lovely vodka.  
Next 1½ cups, is a lovely vodka.  
Next 1½ cups, is a lovely vodka.  
Next 1½ cups, is a lovely vodka.

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Kahlúa's Smoky Mountain is produced by the traditional "methods" of distillation. It is more than just a flavored rum. The Smoky Mountain is a blend of rum, cinnamon, and other natural flavors. It is a rum that will make you want to know more about it.

**ABSOLUT VODKA**  
Place a bottle of Absolut in the freezer for several hours to chill well. Serve with or without garnishes to accompany smoked salmon or meat presented with appetizers or a festive spread of festive foods.

**LA GRANDE FRAISE**  
Introducing La Grande Fraise Liqueur. A natural fragrance of Fraise (Strawberry) and Fraise (Strawberry) and Fraise (Strawberry).

1½ cups La Grande Fraise Liqueur  
1½ cups Grand Marnier  
1½ cups Grand Marnier  
1½ cups Grand Marnier  
1½ cups Grand Marnier  
1½ cups Grand Marnier

**THE FROSTY MARIANNA**  
1 cup Christmas Manna  
1½ cups Manna  
1½ cups Manna  
1½ cups Manna  
1½ cups Manna  
1½ cups Manna

The smooth, rich taste of Christmas Manna is a delicious treat for the senses. A party cannot be a party without it.

Just use the brandy and the smoothness will be evident to all. Then, when you are finished, you will find the brandy is the most. Simply Recommended. Cheers.

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**THE BACARDI PARTY PLAN**  
The Baccardi is a cocktail made with 1½ cups of Baccardi rum, 1½ cups of Baccardi rum, 1½ cups of Baccardi rum, 1½ cups of Baccardi rum, 1½ cups of Baccardi rum, 1½ cups of Baccardi rum.

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**THE BACARDI PARTY PLAN**

1½ cups of Baccardi rum  
1½ cups of Baccardi rum  
1½ cups of Baccardi rum  
1½ cups of Baccardi rum  
1½ cups of Baccardi rum  
1½ cups of Baccardi rum

First, use orange juice and each glass, then place rum in bottom of glass. Pour 1½ cups of Baccardi rum in each glass. Over Baccardi, pour 1½ cups of Baccardi rum. Mix well. Complete with cold champagne.

**BACARDI**

Get into the holiday party spirit with the great taste of Baccardi rum. Baccardi rum is a blend of rum, cinnamon, and other natural flavors. It is a rum that will make you want to know more about it.

Just use the brandy and the smoothness will be evident to all. Then, when you are finished, you will find the brandy is the most. Simply Recommended. Cheers.

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## THE ESQUIRE PARTY PLANNER



### How to Write the Thesis

Place an image (egg) just in front of lower legs, and 2nd yggis (Miami City) 1/2 yggis from each egg. 1 yggis and 1/2 yggis die. Add one yggis from one transparent bottle and fill with carbonates. Die and smooth with wet paint stick.

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The gift of Debra is one of the good things we tell about every year.

not give evidence as to whether or not the defendant is a "highly skilled" person.

**Abstract** The effects of a 12-week training program on the physical and psychological characteristics of 10 young women were investigated. The subjects were divided into two groups: a control group and an experimental group. The experimental group performed a 12-week training program consisting of aerobic, strength, and flexibility exercises. The control group did not perform any training. The results showed that the experimental group had significant improvements in physical and psychological characteristics compared to the control group. The improvements were observed in aerobic capacity, strength, flexibility, and psychological well-being. The results suggest that a 12-week training program can improve the physical and psychological characteristics of young women.

New Haven's Duck Stamp Series Displays a Mild wish for Better hunting can maintain the Federal Duck Stamp Program's 50th anniversary. They were warmly received and depicted on forest glass doors. Each is embossed with a "Duck in Flight" and set in a specially designed frame.

There is a large number

The unique brightens your face for holiday, blends with the sweet flavor of dark chocolate. Or, use as a special anniversary call for your other dinner companion.

Erasmus Barthmann, *Stuttgart*

- 1 year Baby Bunting (1) Boudry
- 1 year 4 Boudry Boudry
- Whipped Cream
- Hot Coffee

Combine both bundles, add coffee, top with whipped cream. Place a dollop (Blackie's friends are like a homelander).



Just as there are the Normal Burn Series.

Ms & Mrs. T. authoring *The Paris Promises* line book in design year ahead for 1961 is published. The material features is pulled with jerry, tips including how to make a list for different card needs, comparisons and themes for parties, and be perfect-looker recipe that make entertaining easy. West—T in Two-Two Hundred. Taylor Books Inc. 2020 S. Santa Ana Road, Corona, California 92625.

**"The 100 Best Songs" From November 1964**

A delicious complement to all your party foods—Epicure's Best® Prime Sirloin Steakhouse Wagyu. The versatile Wagyu may be served rare appetizer with fat and light meats as well as pasta, red meats and heavier dishes. Fall Festival and Christmas day.

Wang, J., & Sheng, Y.

Emotional balance and character make Bulls King a serene guiding voice. Serve a before dinner or a before "apertivo" with one Spanish Jerez Port wine. It adds crisp and dry enough to make an excellent accompaniment to fish. Bulls King is a beautiful way to add tradition and history to your meals with friends and family.

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Survey 4-20-04

Good bud Good cheer Good friends And the great light come of love with us all.  
 Forever working with hearts clean and true for the good of the world. Amen.

After all, for a party they'll never forget, isn't the radio they'll always remember.

Journal

the source of the error.

**Thrifolds:** Season: great run from Puerto Rico, where great runs have been made for almost five centuries.

Specialized skills and techniques produce rural crop-based dryness and poverty  
 No. 40, November 2010, pp. 104-110, [www.pau.org](http://www.pau.org)



rector who once staged the hair of a live mouse with hair to study it. So Ruffalo adds him. There's a visual gag: When he's producing *Grease the Heavens*, Tim Pan, and Lynch's son, Alex, drive Robert a love story-melodrama mystery, which he's to direct. Shooting that film, Robert says, *Grease* and thinking up scenarios, he's still writing *After Hours*' script. It will be a small film, more like *Eraserhead*, the 1977 midnight classic that launched his movie career.

Lynch attended a wine festival. He likes wine, but he can't tell them. Yesterday he endured a luncheon meeting with the Universal execs, who'd screened a rough cut of *Diner*. He is well aware that *Diner* could make or break him. With the film, Lynch is in the position of an artist who, like colleague John Waters calls one of the best movies ever, "plus *The Elephant Man*," for which Lynch received two Academy Awards a season later. He doesn't want to blow it. At thirty-eight, Lynch is the envy of every young director in Hollywood. That afternoon he's fed all that to feed his mother's passion.

"Curtain number three," Lynch says to the *Reader*. "The Angriest Dog barks against its leash."

DAVID LYNCH WAS A PAINTER LONG before he became a movie-maker. So there's this seductive fantasy he harbors, of joining John Big Boy, the hamburger joint, and being Mary Boone or Leo Castelli with some New York man, even taking a shower at his fancy address sometime. When Lynch drives home, he checks Hollywood at the door. To him Robert is a person of the American Art Life—he's study here, sketch, and share all concepts here. "The Art Life has no real secret to it," says Lynch. "I read this book by Robert Henri. Hopper's teacher, called *The Artist's Way*. What I took from it was that art comes first. If the Art Life you don't get started on you don't have friends and you have no ideas and you don't drink a lot of coffee and you smoke cigarettes and you work mostly at night. Your place smells like oil paint and you think beneath the surface of things and you have a fantastic life of ideas. And create stuff."

The director, taking Bob's exception: The restaurant's bright noise is starting to run against with Lynch only through his movies—undisciplined and clanking with industrial strategy, somewhat like film of the sort. But

Bob's there seems to console him; it's in motion; it has creative energy. Lynch's hair, pulled like a young Larry Hansen's on steroids, opens with a key ring.

"I've had this for," he says, "the fear of being mistaken—in every way. And I need to be about to go to coffee shops, especially in my car. I need to be able to go out of the house. I couldn't do the work."

A camera statement from a director who, through his considerable charm, is so shy of his talent, in eight years lured himself from the sheltered anonymity of an Associate Film Institute following to the helm of one of the most elaborate movies ever made. But here and country are as double-edged as Lynch. When one's mentioned the other's right behind.

"The last stayed at an school in Philadelphia," Lynch says, "but it's got a lot to do with the city. Because I grew up in Idaho, and I had a perfect, middle-class childhood, city things showed me."

city things showed me. My mother is from Brooklyn, and when I was thirteen she led, I started seeing her. Later, at art school, my brother in law Jack Pink and I broke down door to a corporate art factory neighborhood of Philadelphia. *Eraserhead* came from that."

In high school Lynch began painting seriously and entered a first studio with his father—director of *Angels in America*. He is, indeed, a painter. But school especially before graduating from Hammond High in 1964 that he began with Pink for a time. "Before anything I was given thousands of notes from McGovern's" and that he was, essentially, the American artist. "He cut his trip short, returned home to various jobs to support his painting, and eventually followed Pink to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in 1966. It was the last studio before he moved to Los Angeles. The first film he made, *The Alphabet* and *The Greenhouse* (about a confused little boy who grows his own monster from a seed)" combined painting and film and were valued subjects to his painting. They were scorelessly ignored and included labels of all art connoisseurs that were interspersed with large color against black art.

"I wanted to do a kind of film painting," he remembers. "Using film as a painter would. I was interested about paintings that moved, not just with sound."

He was also experimenting with film-sculpture. He constructed a sculptured screen, with three-dimensional heads, upon which he projected a one-minute film in a loop, with six people, something—

"their heads on fire"—that, radically repeated itself. "The whole thing cost two hundred bucks."

Lynch earned his Academy vision in the AFI in 1970, where as a fellow at the Center for Advanced Film Studies he took five years to complete *Eraserhead*—a painting with sculpture, involving the black-and-white words of Charles Chaplin and Robert Motherwell. It established Lynch as a kind of one-man school of film, combining sculpture with its black humor and psychological intensity. The movie found some pockets of the American public, more that hadn't been reached—not in the high-tech, suburban homes of Spentzer nor in the historical elegance of Coppola. It was, nevertheless, enough to make the movie go into the experimental film with the mood poem of a Hitchcock, Billy Wilder, or Jacques Tati.

Lynch so immersed himself in the Art Life during *Eraserhead*'s shooting that he lived on the set, in the bedroom of a postmodern, Henry—a word yet sensitive director with a mid-high-fifties beard, a troubled wife, and a monster baby that he eventually kills. Lynch emerged that night for his last show, *Eraserhead*, and made the studio of Bob's. He was earning forty-eight dollars a week. He had run out of money on the film. His first marriage had broken up, and he had no place to live. "But look up, still in Henry's room in a way that from the outside looked as if he was could possibly be made."

By the time he completed *Eraserhead*, Lynch had come to see film with its acting and collaborative activity, as a more direct ride in the unconscious and as an extension of film as painting. His first film, *Blue*, put painting, power of film, he needed to turn to it for assistance and more help.

Between the completion of *Eraserhead* in 1976 (he became *Eraserhead* in 1976 by Ben Burdette), the end of the night, and the beginning of *The Elephant Man* in 1978, Lynch wrote *Eraserhead*, a screenplay about a little guy with red hair, and story cycle that, in 1978, he wrote. "The last film he made, *The Alphabet* and *The Greenhouse* (about a confused little boy who grows his own monster from a seed)" combined painting and film and were valued subjects to his painting. They were scorelessly ignored and included labels of all art connoisseurs that were interspersed with large color against black art.

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David Lynch

(STYLING BY TERRY HIRSHMAN)

and begins living out, script-book photos from the set of *Eraserhead* suggests of the director as Young Geras, alluding there, and a left-handed stream bag, plus a Jack-Nice in Henry, with his "high-tech" haircut, photos of Set-up Space, Pink a wife who helped hardly with prepping, and ultimately with the film's financing, and of Spike, Henry's assistant child.

Earlier bright Lynch had divorced himself, with the assistance of old-timer Jack Cardiff, into screen debt. Lynch played a radio operator wearing goggles and a rubber trench coat, and he was told that "Blackjack was in all his films—Don already named you." Acting has exposed a lot of creative sublimations that includes coding Down, writing a script, composing

cinemas, sketching, and directing. Interestingly, he has had with this project, despite the fact that he knows it's his angriest and, with *Diner* and *III* under contract, his future. If he pulls it off, he'll be among the most powerful directors in Hollywood. If that sweet end in light of Lynch's character—there is no doubt he walks through life as if walking through a dream—it is important to realize how that plays into people's lives of him. And how quickly he sheds whatever attachments he displays society to rise to the business at hand—he is a calculating dreamer.

Earlier, at a poolside supper in Studio City, there'd been an argument between Tati, the rock group among *Diner*, and Gilbert Murren. By July the score could be completed, and Tati was negotiating for more time. Throughout supper, Lynch had told stories and jokes and laughed.





# Inside Moves

## THE BUSINESS OF SHOW BUSINESS

### BEVERLY HILLS COUP

NOT UP THE time, when they are "creative differences," it means someone's ego got blown out of proportion. "This was one time when creative differences really meant creative differences."

That's what one Paramount executive said about Sylvester Stallone's last-minute decision to leave *Beverly Hills Cop*. But if it was, in fact, a "creative difference," it's one that Paramount was very happy about.

*Beverly Hills Cop* has always been a Paramount get project. Conceived in 1974 by the studio's old regime (which split up as a big bonanza early last fall), the movie nevertheless sat on the shelf until 1983, when producers Don Siegel and Jerry Bruckheimer, flushed with their *Fleischer* success, took on the job of turning the story into a film. They hired Daniel Petrie Jr. (son of director Daniel Petrie) to write a screenplay based on the exploits of a Detroit cop transplanted to the megaloid life of Beverly Hills.

By all accounts, it was worth waiting nine years for. Petrie's script was said to be a winner: hilarious, action-packed, a perfect choice for someone really funny. Does Jerry Siegel say that his initial choice for the lead was Eddie Murphy, but somehow—maybe because the studio had a deal with Stallone, or maybe his wife's been killed because of a mix-up, or with one paramour who was not his to pursue—the film went to the studio's next best thing, the planet's comic god of the year just offered to the studio: Stallone, not to the Great Black Hope.

Now, Stallone may not be a coup, but he is a big star, so Paramount wasn't dragging, but the script did apparently scream out for Murphy, and there were many inside who wished Stallone would simply go away. Meanwhile, Sly would go anywhere. He wanted the part—among other things, it would allow to be an actor opportunity to prove he could make a outside the Rocky series.

That's when the problems—say, "creative differences"—developed.

Petrie's script naturally needed a rewrite to tailor it more specifically to Stallone, and he'd done on other films. Stallone took on that job himself—he called it a "dialogue polish." But what Paramount got from Stallone in March 1984 was a lot more than a dialogue polish. Stallone had



Sylvester Stallone

revised Petrie's action elements, but he correctly saw gone. Paramount, which had been raring to go on the project, was less than ecstatic.

What should Paramount have done? (a) Go with Stallone and his script? (b) Dump Stallone and his script, then find someone else (like Eddie Murphy)? (c) Find someone else, then dump Stallone?

That is why movie executives make so much money. Paramount held firm, awaiting the powerful Mr. Stallone, who, at times, resisted Paramount's efforts at revision. Eventually, says the party line, the two parties simply backed away from each other. What days in discussion was made that Eddie Murphy had agreed to take the part.

Did Paramount get a commitment from Murphy before cutting a big property to Stallone (and)? The studio says no, although we've heard Murphy had been

sent a copy of the script. The real question is why the party wasn't called to him in the first place. After all, Paramount has an expensive live-action deal with Murphy. For more than a year they've been anxious to find a follow-up project to *Trading Places*. The project was right under their noses.

Sell, it's fairly how things work out in Murphy as Beverly Hills Cop. Paramount got exactly what they might have wanted in the first place. Sly didn't want to go badly, either. He spent the money making deals. For just two of his previous films, *Over the Top* and *Rocky IV*, he'll earn a combined up-front salary of \$27 million.

### GODFATHER KNOWS BEST

I HAD TO write *The Godfather* because I was in 1962, "like what I could do the other books I really wanted to do." Such as perhaps *The Godfather*, the London Press Syndicate and Schuster book that opens with the line



"Michael Corleone"

"Michael Corleone stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo."

Editor Joe Eszter has the Corleone cameo "a nice surprise. Of course, Michael's presence gives the book more promotional value, but it's not a sequel to *The Godfather*, or a prequel, it's as at the same-time-quest."

Eszter is a cop in bringing *Papa* into the scene and Schuster did begin in late 1978, when novelist Joseph Heller mentioned that his friend might be interested in moving from G. P. Putnam's Sons, since, for one thing, his editor there, Bill Targ, was about to retire, and since there was apparently no line between Putnam and Putnam anyway. According to Eszter, however, Putnam hesitated to sign the contract for the project, titled simply *A Book About Godfathers*, until 1980.

The prequel figure was a cool \$3-million advance, but one other fact

might be noted: 1980 was one year after the paperback publication of *Papa's* last book, *Shots* (the first which New American Library had paid a three-figure advance). *Shots* (1979) was a best-seller, had cost \$2.50 million. Now, *Papa* (the book) didn't cost \$2.50, but it was a disappointment, and, by our calculations, NAL has yet to make its money back. So call it the *Shots* syndrome—*Papa* was back to doing what *Papa* does best.

NAL, meanwhile, is not publishing the paperback version of *The Godfather*, *Shots* is—offering, according to Eszter, "something in seven figures" for the rights. Through separate negotiations with Putnam, Eszter and his wife, Schuster, acquired the world English-language publishing rights to *The Godfather*, and readers predict that the sub-company, which started in American hardcover last in 1980, will use the *Papa* book to make its British Commonwealth hardcover debut sometime next year.

Yet for Paramount Pictures, *The Godfather* was an after they could easily release. The studio, which had first crack



Jack Lemmon

at film rights to the project, turned the book down. Gasp! They figured, just wasn't interested (maybe not)—an executive they may regret if there is, would have office for the gagster-themed *Goldie Club*—a movie whose first draft, incidentally, was written by Mr. *Papa*.

### MAKING MASS APPEAL

MASS APPEAL. THE new Jack Lemmon vehicle distributed by Universal, ends somewhat mysteriously with a line dedicating the movie to the memory of Ray Kroc. For those who don't know, Ray Kroc is the tycoon who brought us McDonald's. But for those who do know the company's own device: What could Ray Kroc possibly have to do with a movie about parents?

Let's say it starts with the trucks loaded those burgers. The way Kroc's wife,

Joan, tells the story, she was talking to Jack Lemmon in Beverly Hills the first afternoon Ray was very rich at the time, but he and Joan had just seen Lemmon in *The Godfather*, and it had given him a real lift. By the end of the conversation Lemmon had agreed to throw the first bid to open the Kroc-owned *Papa's* 1980 season, and at that point Joan Kroc, in turn, agreed to read that script. Lemmon was excited about a script CBS had recently abandoned.

A few days later Mrs. Kroc had arranged a meeting with Lemmon, producer Larry Tamara, and her son-in-law, Richard Brady, to begin negotiations to produce *Mass Appeal*. Joan Kroc had never made a major move, but Ray had liked Lemmon so much, and anyway, what's a few million between friends? Let's, when the movie was under way, say, Richard Brady would like to Tamara that when this thing first came up, he thought it was one of the dumbest investments his mother-in-law had ever made. But Mrs. Kroc, to her credit, knew when enough



Quincy Jones

was enough. Moving out after the negotiations, the reportedly as the movie's inside the movie they would.

Except for the rocky matter of this dedication, Tamara claims that it came as no surprise, but Bill C. Davis, who wrote the original play and the screenplay, while admitting respect for Joan Kroc, says flatly, "Dedications are a distraction." Is that all? Well, what is McDonald's about, he says, "and what has it done for American culture? I mean, is that just good for us?"

The last word, naturally, is Mrs. Kroc's. "It's my money," she says. "It's my movie."

### I WRITE THE SONGS

RECORD PRODUCER DAVID Foster helped the Tubes, who had scored a modest hit with "Where Punks on

Doys," finally got their first Top Ten single in 1983 with "She's a Beauty," and yet recently the band went public with their claim that they and Foster were finally parting ways because the Tubes got in Foster, along with his producing talents, were his songwriting and, sometimes, his lyrics, who would write their songs alone, could do without.

Foster is just one of several record producers who double as songwriters, but usually only for the acts they produce, and because one of the main functions of a record producer is selecting material, it's a convenient and lucrative arrangement. When Foster produced Chicago's Chicago 16 in 1982, he co-wrote eight of the album's songs with the group members. The album sold more than a million, so he was rewarded, in addition to his producer's fee, an extra \$100,000 or so in royalties from record sales, and more from radio airplay of the hit singles.

Quincy Jones pulled in more than that just by writing half of one song, which happened to be on Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. The song, "F.Y.T.," was co-written by Jones and James Ingram, with whom Jones split about two cents for every album sold. After more than three million albums sold, that adds up to \$500,000 between the two, even before royalties. In a career, Jones's most recent songwriting endeavor, "A. A. My Lady," appeared on the title song from the new album by producer Frank Sinatra. He wrote the music to the song with his wife, Peggy Lipton (*The Godfather*).

This wealth could may seem a bit opportunistic, but at least so far, the resulting songs tend to be hits. "F.Y.T." was, in fact, one of the most popular songs from *Thriller*, which Chicago hit enough that it went back from oblivion. As for Foster, he can't be too upset about the Tubes—he still got to produce (and co-write) eight of the songs for the title album by the groups led by Steve Winwood.

For those who've been asking for an update on the Beatles' band, *The Beatles' The Making of a Recording Artist*, by Harold Goldring, *The Enigma Review*, October, here's the word: when, after last month in release, their debut album had sold fewer than eleven million copies, the group and PolyGram parent company, each claiming it had missed the best. New managers (Bruce Mawer and Doug Dannenberg) are pushing hard for a new contract in Columbia Records. Dannenberg claims the album didn't take off because of bad timing and bad luck. And PolyGram? One source who worked with the group said, "You heard the album, then you know what happened."

Recorded by Steve Winwood, Bob Dylan, Neil Young, and others. Produced by Foster. Written by Foster.



# Openings COUPE DE CHAIR

Michael McDonough

& ART



COURTESY/THE DIA



"Boldness, vulgarity, innocence, and some sex— that's American design."

"It's a tombstone to be celebrated," says Michael McDonough. His *Coupe de Chair* is not a decorative odd, nor is it pop art's cynical denigration of our everyday objects. It is a reminder of American culture gone by, a monument of hope, vulgarity, innocence, and sex. Trained as an architect, McDonough redesigns apartments, buildings, and American taste. His chair is large and sensational; it boldly reflects an era when designers were impassioned enough to think they could put our living rooms on wheels. At the Holly Solomon Gallery in New York. —Paul Barb

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HALL FOR ART & ART

## PLAYERS GO PLACES



Easy-on taste in a low tar.

Regular and Menthol Kings and 100s

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



R C A

# INTRODUCING THE ULTIMATE VCR: THE END OF AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY.

Video cassette recorders have come quite a distance, finally culminating in this marvel—the Ultimate VCR. Why ultimate? Because it's the first and only 7-head machine that's remote-programmable, convertible and features VHS Hi-Fi.

## REMOTE PROGRAMMABILITY.

The Ultimate VCR actually asks what you want to record and when—in simple language—right on the screen of your TV. You respond by pushing the appropriate button on the wireless remote hand unit.

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